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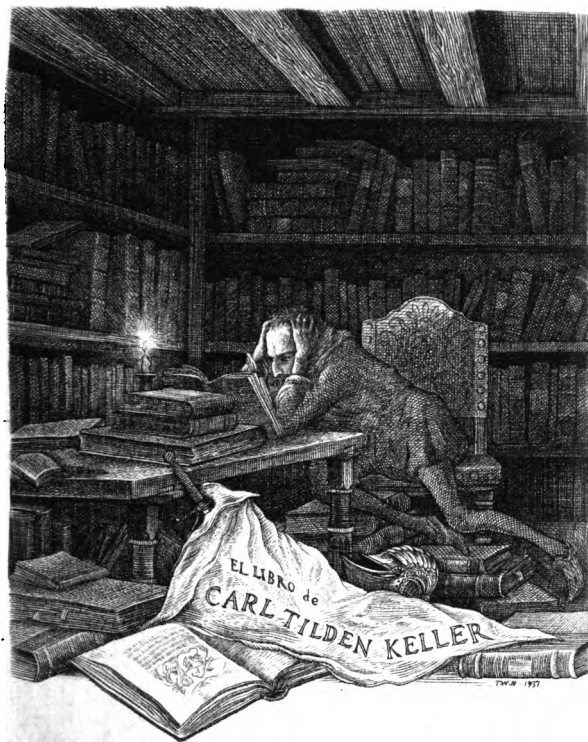
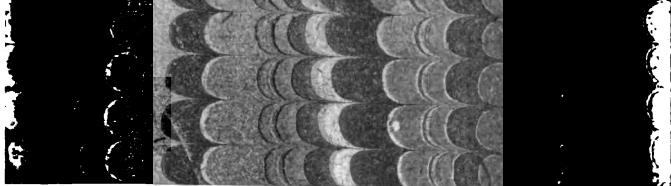
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THE

LIFE and EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

Translated from the ORIGINAL SPANISH of

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

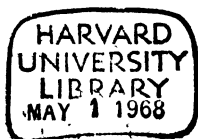
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THE
LIFE and EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious Gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA

BOOK III.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Adventure (the like never before seen or heard of) achieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard than ever any was achieved by the most famous knight in the world.

IT is impossible, dear Sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts to water and moisten these herbs, as their freshness plainly proves, and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself. *Don Quixote* approved the advice, and taking *Rosinante* by the bridle, and *Sancho* his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced

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them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated their pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially *Sancho's*, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. I say, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure ; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of *Don Quixote*. The night, as is said, was dark ; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise : so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment ; especially when they found that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached ; and, as an addition to all this, a total ignorance where they were. But *Don Quixote*, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon *Roxinante*, and bracing on his buckler brandished his spear, and said : Friend *Sancho*, you must know, that by the will of heaven I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people usually express it, *the golden age* : I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of *France*, and the nine worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the *Platirs*, the *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, and *Tirantes*, the *knights of the sun*, and the *Belianises*, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing in this age, in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused and deaf sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon ; that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears :
all

all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of *Mars* himself; how much more into that which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore straiten *Rosinante's* girths a little, and god be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to *Toboso*, where you shall say to my incomparable lady *Dulcinea*, that her enthralled knight died in the attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled her's.

When *Sancho* heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter this so fearful an adventure: It is now night, and no body sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days: and as no body sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, that *he who seeketh danger, periseth therein*: so that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice that heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let this thought and belief move you, that scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whomsoever it shall please to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse, for it: but, as covetousness bursts the bag,

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so hath it rent from me my hopes : for when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear Sir, do me not such a diskindness ; and since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprize, at least adjourn it 'till day-break, to which, according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours ; for the muzzle of the north-bear * is at top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How can you, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of, is, since the night is so dark that not a star appears in the whole sky ? True, said *Sancho* ; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky : besides it is reasonable to think it does not now want much of day-break. Want what it will, answered *Don Quixote*, it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or intreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight : therefore pr'ythee, *Sancho*, hold thy tongue ; for God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is, to let *Roxinante* be well girted, and stay you here ; for I will quickly return alive or dead.

Sancho then seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to stratagem, and oblige him to wait 'till day, if he could : and so, while he was buckling the horse's girths straiter, softly, and without being perceived, he tied *Roxinante's* two hinder feet together with his ass's halter ; so that

* Literally the mouth of the bunting-bern or cornet : so they call the *ursa minor*, from a fancied configuration of the stars of that constellation.

when

when *Don Quixote* would have departed, he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. *Sancho*, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said; Ah Sir! behold how heaven moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that *Roxinante* cannot go; and if you will obstinately persist to beat and spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, but *kick against the pricks*. This made *Don Quixote* quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: and without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay 'till day appeared, or 'till *Roxinante* could stir, believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from *Sancho's* cunning, to whom he thus spoke: Since it is so, *Sancho*, that *Roxinante* cannot stir, I am contented to stay 'till the dawning smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming. You need not weep, answered *Sancho*; for I will entertain you 'till day with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight, and compose your self to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for. What call you alighting or sleeping? said *Don Quixote*. Am I one of those knights, who take repose in time of danger? Sleep you, who were born to sleep, or do what you will: I will do what I see best befits my profession. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, answered *Sancho*; I do not say it with that design: and coming close to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the saddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows, which still sounded alternately in his ears. *Don Quixote* bad him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised: to which *Sancho* replied, he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: notwithstanding, said he, I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers,

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fingers, is the best of all stories ; and pray, be attentive, for now I begin.

What hath been, hath been ; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And pray, Sir, take notice, that the beginning, which the antients gave to their tales, was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of *Cato Zensorinus* * the Roman, who says, *And evil to him that evil seeks ;* which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to your finger, signifying, that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road ; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us. Go on with your story, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow. I say then, continued *Sancho*, that in a place of *Esfremadura* there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd ; which shepherd or goatherd, as my story says, was called *Lope Ruiz* ; and this *Lope Ruiz* was in love with a shepherdess called *Torralva* ; which shepherdess called *Torralva* was daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman ——— If you tell your story after this fashion, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days. Tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more. In the very same manner that I tell it, answered *Sancho*, they tell all stories in my country ; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs. Tell it as you will then, answered *Don Quixote* ; since fate will have it that I must hear thee, go on.

And so, dear sir of my soul, continued *Sancho*, as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess *Torralva*, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine : for she had certain small whiskers ; and methinks I see her just now. What, did you know her ? said *Don Quixote*. I did not know her, answered *Sancho* ; but he, who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that

* A mistake for *Cato the Censor*.

I might,

I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him above measure, and within the prohibited degrees*: and so much did he abhor her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. *Terralva*, who found herself disdained by *Lope*, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before. It is a natural quality of women, said *Don Quixote*, to flight those who love them, and love those who flight them: go on, *Sancho*.

It fell out, proceeded *Sancho*, that the shepherd put his design in execution, and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of *Estremadura*, in order to pass over into the kingdom of *Portugal*. *Terralva* knowing it went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small gallypot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever she carried (for I shall not now set myself to vouch what it was) I only tell you, that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river *Guadiana*, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks: and, on the side he came to, there was neither boat nor any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other side: which grieved him mightily; for he saw that *Terralva* was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about till he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but

* Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard, &c.

so small, that it could only hold one person and one goat : however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him, and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat and carried over a goat : he returned and carried over another : he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, Sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over ; for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another. Make account he carried them all over, said *Don Quixote*, and do not be going and coming in this manner ; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth. How many are passed already ? said *Sancho*. How the devil should I know ? answered *Don Quixote*. See there now ; did I not tell you to keep an exact account ? Before God there is an end of the story ; I can go no farther. How can this be ? answered *Don Quixote*. Is it so essential to the story, to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther ? No, Sir, in no wise, answered *Sancho* : for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered, you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say fled out of my memory ; and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory. So then, said *Don Quixote*, the story is at an end. As sure as my mother is, quoth *Sancho*. Verily, answered *Don Quixote*, you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable ; and your way of telling and concluding it is such as never was, nor will be, seen in one's whole life ; though I expected nothing less from your good sense : but I do not wonder at it ; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding. All that may be, answered *Sancho* : but, as to my story, I know there's no more to be said ; for it ends just where the error in
the

the account of carrying over the goats begins. Let it end where it will, in god's name, said *Don Quixote*, and let us see whether *Rosinante* can stir himself. Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive diet on which he had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural (which is rather to be believed) it so befel, that *Sancho* had a desire to do what no body could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master; and, to think to leave that business undone, was also impossible: and so what he did for peace sake, was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, with which, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running-point, that kept up his breeches; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles: then he lifted up his shirt the best he could, and exposed to the open air those buttocks which were none of the smallest: this being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he could not ease himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possibly he could. But notwithstanding all these precautions, he was so unlucky after all, as to make a little noise, very different from that which had put him into so great a fright. *Don Quixote* heard it, and said: What noise is this? *Sancho*. I do not know, Sir, answered he: it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures never begin with a little matter. He tried his fortune a second time, and it succeeded so well with him, that without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself discharged of the burden that had given him so much uneasiness. But as *Don Quixote* had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and *Sancho* stood so close, and as it were sewed to him, some of the vapours, ascending in a direct line, could not fail

fail to reach his nostrils : which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and with a tone somewhat snuffling said : Methinks, *Sancho*, you are in great bodily fear. I am so, said *Sancho* ; but wherein does your worship perceive it now more than ever ? In that you smell stronger than ever, and not of ambergrease, answered, *Don Quixote*. That may very well be, said *Sancho* ; but your worship alone is in fault for carrying me about at these unseasonable hours, and into these unfrequented places. Get you three or four steps off, friend, said *Don Quixote* (all this without taking his fingers from his nostrils) and henceforward have more care of your own person, and more regard to what you owe to mine ; my over-much familiarity with you has bred this contempt. I will lay a wager, replied *Sancho*, you think I have been doing something with my person that I ought not. The more you stir it, friend *Sancho*, the worse it will favour, answered *Don Quixote*.

In these and the like dialogues the master and man passed the night. But *Sancho*, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with much caution untied *Roxinante*, and tied up his breeches. *Roxinante* finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettle some, seemed to feel himself alive and began to paw the ground ; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew not what it was. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Roxinante* began to bestir himself took it for a good omen, and believed it signified, he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and every thing being distinctly seen, *Don Quixote* perceived he was got among some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade : he perceived also that the striking did not cease ; but he could not see what caused it. So without farther delay he made *Roxinante* feel the spur, and, turning again to take leave of *Sancho*, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was god's will

will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady *Dulcinea* ; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he sallied from his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served ; but if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. *Sancho* wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of *Sancho Pança's*, that he must have been well born, and at least an old christian *. Whose tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness : on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on toward the place from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed. *Sancho* followed him on foot, leading, as usual, his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. And having gone a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they came unawares to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses ; from whence proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. *Rosinante* started at the noise of the water and of the strokes, and *Don Quixote*, gently striking him, went on fair and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprize ; and, by the by, besought god also not to forget him. *Sancho* stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck,

* In contradistinction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

and

and looking between *Roxinante's* legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause (for it could be no other) of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) six fulling mill-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. *Don Quixote*, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. *Sancho* stared at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. *Don Quixote* stared also at *Sancho*, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of *Sancho*; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat *Don Quixote* gave him to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony; 'You must know, friend *Sancho*, that I was born by the will of heaven in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements.' And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions, which *Don Quixote* had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Sancho* played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him, that had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. *Sancho*, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, cried out with much humility: Pray, Sir, be pacified: by the living god, I did but jest.

jest. Though you jest, 'I do not, answered *Don Quixote*. Come hither, merry Sir; what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed the courage requisite to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, do you think, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? besides, it may be, (as it really is) that I never saw any fulling mills in my life, as you have, like a pitiful rustic as you are, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me. It is enough, good Sir, replied *Sancho*; I confess I have been a little too jocose: but, pray, tell me, Sir, now that it is peace between us, as god shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror are. I do not deny, answered *Don Quixote*, but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle. But, answered *Sancho*, your worship knew how to handle your launce aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to god, and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass; it will go out in the bucking: for I have heard say; he loves thee well, who makes thee weep: and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinados, bestow islands or kingdoms on the continent. The die may run so, quoth *Don Quixote*, that all you have said may come to pass; and forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know that the first motions

motions are not in a man's power ; and henceforward be apprized of one thing (that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me) that in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master, as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault both in you and in me : in you, because you respect me so little ; in me, that I do not make my self be respected more. Was not *Gandalin*, squire to *Amadis de Gaul*, earl of the firm island ? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the *Turkish* fashion. What shall we say of *Gafabal*, squire to *Don Galaor*, who was so silent, that to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history. From what I have said you may infer, *Sancho*, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect ; for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time ; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost. Your worship says very well, quoth *Sancho* : but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times ? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers ? I do not believe, answered *Don Quixote*, that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen ; for I cannot yet tell how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle : for I would have you to know, *Sancho*, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers. It is so in truth, said *Sancho*, since the noise of

of the hammers of a fulling mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord. By so doing replied *Don Quixote*, your days shall be long in the land; for, next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.

C H A P. VII.

Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which beset our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and *Sancho* had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But *Don Quixote* had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after *Don Quixote* discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but, turning to *Sancho*, he said: I am of opinion, *Sancho*, there is no proverb but what is true; because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says; *Where one door is shut, another is opened*. I say this, because, if last night fortune shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This, I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us, who carries on his head *Mambrino's* helmet*, about

* *Almonte* and *Mambrino*, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. *Orlando Furioso* took away *Almonte's*, and his friend *Rinaldo* that of *Mambrino*. *Ariosto*, Canto I.

which

which I swore the oath you know. Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do, said *Sancho*; for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses. The devil take you! replied *Don Quixote*: what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills? I know not, answered *Sancho*; but in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons, that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say. How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor? said *Don Quixote*. Tell me, see you not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head? What I see and perceive, answered *Sancho*, is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters. Why that is *Mambrino's* helmet, said *Don Quixote*: get you aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure (to save time) without speaking a word; and the helmet I have so much longed for, shall be my own. I shall take care to get out of the way, replied *Sancho*: but I pray god, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure. I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling mills, nor so much as to think of them, any more, said *Don Quixote*: if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you. *Sancho* held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which *Don Quixote* saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had one; and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass basin. And fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and that his hat might not be spoiled (for belike it was a new one) he clapt the basin on his head, and being new scowered it glittered

glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as *Sancho* said ; and this was the reason why *Don Quixote* took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his bason for a golden helmet : for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at *Rosinante's* best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without stopping the fury of his career, he cried out : Defend yourself, caitif, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due. The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass : and no sooner had he touched the ground, when leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scower over the plain, with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the bason on the ground, with which *Don Quixote* was satisfied, and said ; The miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by a natural instinct, it is hunted. He ordered *Sancho* to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said ; Before god, the bason is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about, to find the vizor ; and not finding it he said ; Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head ; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting. When *Sancho* heard the bason called a helmet, he could not forbear laughter ; but recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. What do you laugh at ? *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*. He answered ; I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's bason. Do you know, *Sancho*, what I take

take to be the case? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's bason: but be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing; for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that, which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass, nor equal it: in the mean time, I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing; and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones. It will so, said *Sancho*, if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruze, in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me vomit up my guts. I am in no great pain for having lost it; for you know, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have the receipt by heart. So have I too, answered *Sancho*; but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss us. You are no good christian, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, at hearing this; for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime; and had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging

venging your quarrel, than the *Greeks* did for the rape of *Helen*; who, if she had lived in these times, or my *Dulcinea* in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is : and here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. Let it then pass for a jest, said *Sancho*, since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest ; but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were, and I know also, they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitif, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself ; for, to judge by his scowering off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and, by my beard, dapple is a special one. It is not my custom, said *Don Quixote*, to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict ; for, in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, *Sancho*, leave this horse or ass, or what you will have it to be ; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him. God knows whether it were best for me to take him, replied *Sancho*, or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good : verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another ; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind. I am not very clear as to that point, answered *Don Quixote* ; and in case of doubt, 'till better information can be had, I say you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them. So extreme, replied *Sancho*, that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person : and so saying, he proceeded with that license to a change of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better * for his new furniture. This done, they

breakfasted

* Literally, leaving him better by a tierce and a quint. A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which

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breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without taking any determinate route (for knights-errant are peculiarly in their element, when out of the road) they put on whithersoever *Roxinante's* will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed in love and good fellowship, where-ever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon came back again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any design at all.

As they thus fauntered on, *Sancho* said to his master: Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Out with it, said *Don Quixote*, and be brief in thy discourse; for none that is long can be pleasing. I say then, Sir, answered *Sancho*, that, for some days past, I have been considering how little has been gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and cross-ways, where, though you overcome and atchieve the most perilous things, there is no body to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more adviseable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding: which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with some body to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards and taking in better.

brance

brance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits ; though I dare say, if it be the custom of chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten between the lines. *You are not much out, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote* : but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation ; that by atchieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand ; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud ; this is the *knight of the sun*, or of *the serpent*, or of any other device, under which he may have atchieved great exploits. This is he, will they say, who overthrew the huge giant *Brocabruno* of mighty force, in single combat ; he who disenchanting the great *Mameluco* of *Persia* from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years. Thus, from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds ; and presently, at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace ; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say ; ho, up, Sirs, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder : at whose command they all go forth, and the king himself, descending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him ; and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter the *infanta*, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it must

* In the following speech of *Don Quixote* we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general : notwithstanding which the *Beaux Esprits* of *France*, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

immediately

immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and, without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind, through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermine. The night being come, he shall sup with the king, queen, and infant, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most antient sage, that he, who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infant will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for her having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infant at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infant greatly trusted.

He

He sighs, she swoons ; the damsel runs for cold water : he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune ; and the princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible ; which he promises with many oaths : he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting : he rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta : having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit : the knight thinks it is for grief at his departure ; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion : the damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes ; she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent, or not : the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss. and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war ; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy ; takes many towns ; wins several battles ; returns to court ; sees his lady at the usual place of interview ; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services : the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by whatever other means it is, the infanta becomes his spouse *,

and

* In the former circumstances of this extract most romances agree,
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and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good-fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies, the infant inherits, and, in two words, the knight becomes a king. Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infant's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes.

This is what I would be at, and a clear stage, quoth *Sancho*: this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. Doubt it not, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; for by those very means, and those very steps I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise and have risen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains now to be done, is, to look out and find what king of the Christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter †: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is still another thing wanting; for supposing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor: for the king will not give me his daughter to wife, till he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred

and therefore the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

† The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under of putting this scheme in practice, the former by his loyalty to *Dulcinea*, and *Sancho* by having a wife and children already, nevertheless the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

hundred and twenty crowns a year * ; and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, *Sancho*, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced by little and little, till they have ended in a point like a pyramid reversed : others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, till at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before ; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious, with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied : and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier ; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please ; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents. Here, said *Sancho*, comes in properly what some naughty people say, *Never stand begging for that which you may take by force* : though this other is nearer to the purpose ; *A leap from a hedge is better than the Prayer of a good man* †. I say this, because if my lord the king, your worship's fa-

* The original is *y de devengar quinientos sueldos*, literally, *to revenge five hundred sueldos*. It is a proverbial expression to signify a person's being a gentleman, and took its rise from the following Occasion. The *Spaniards* of *Old Castile* being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of five hundred virgins to the *Moors*, after several battles, in which the *Spaniards* succeeded, the tribute was changed to five hundred *sueldos*, or pieces of *Spanish* Coin. But in process of time the *Spaniards*, by force of arms, delivered themselves from that gross imposition ; and that heroical action being performed by men of figure and fortune, they characterize by this expression a man of bravery and honour, and a true lover of his country.

† That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

ther-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that, while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may whistle for his reward ; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he share his misfortune with her, till it shall please heaven to ordain otherwise ; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse. That you may depend upon, said *Don Quixote*. Since it is so, answered *Sancho*, there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to god, and let things take their course. God grant it, answered *Don Quixote*, as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so. Let him, in god's name, said *Sancho* ; for I am an old christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Ay, and more than enough, said *Don Quixote* : but it matters not whether you are or no ; for I, being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the least service ; and, in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course ; and, say what they will, in good faith they must style you *your lordship*, though it grieve them never so much. Do you think, quoth *Sancho*, I should not know how to give authority to the indignity ? Dignity, you should say, and not indignity, said his master. So let it be answered *Sancho Pança* : I say, I shall do well enough with it ; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be, when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count ? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me. You will make a goodly appearance indeed, said *Don Quixote* : but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftner, for it is so rough and frowzy, that if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musquet-shot off. Why, said *Sancho*, it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving

giving him wages ; and if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee. How came you to know, demanded *Don Quixote*, that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them? I will tell you, said *Sancho*: some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord: a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked, why that man did not come up even with the other, but went always behind him? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*. and in the same manner you may carry about your barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl, who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard, than to saddle a horse. Leave the business of the barber to my care, said *Sancho*; and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl. So it shall be, answered *Don Quixote*, and, lifting up his eyes, he saw, what will be told in the following chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

C I D Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, during those discourses which passed between the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* and *Sancho Pança* his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, *Don Quixote* lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like

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beads

beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. And *Sancho Pança* espying them, said; This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys. How! persons forced, quoth *Don Quixote*: is it possible the king should force any body? I say not so, answered *Sancho*, but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys *per force*. In short, replied *Don Quixote*, however it be, since they are going, it is still by force, and not with their own liking. It is so, said *Sancho*. Then, said his master, here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable. Consider, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that justice, that is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes. By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and *Don Quixote*, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horse-back answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune. To these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves: they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries. With this leave, which *Don Quixote* would have taken, though they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first, for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love.

For

For that alone? replied *Don Quixote*: if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them. It was not such love as your worship imagines, said the galley-slave: mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no place for the torture; the process was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me by way of supplement, for three years to the *Gurapas**, and there is an end of it. What are the *Gurapas*? quoth *Don Quixote*. The *Gurapas* are galleys, answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at *Piedrabita*, *Don Quixote* put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected: but the first answered for him, and said; This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird, I mean, for being a musician and a fnger. How so? replied *Don Quixote*, are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and fngers? Yes, Sir, replied the slave; for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony. Nay, said *Don Quixote*, I have heard say, *Sing away sorrow*. This is the very reverse, said the slave; for here, he who sings once weeps all his life after. I do not understand that, said *Don Quixote*: but one of the guards said to him; Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a *Quatrero*, that is a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. And he is always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say *no*: for, say they, *no* contains the same number of letters as *ay*;

* A cant word.

and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it. And I think so too, answered *Don Quixote*; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; I am going to *Mesdames* the *Curapas* for five years, for wanting ten ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, to redeem you from this misery. That, said the slave, is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the marketplace of *Zocodover* in *Toledo*, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound; but god is great; patience; I say no more. *Don Quixote* passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming thither, began to weep, and answered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said; This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the usual procession pompously apparelled and mounted*. That is, I suppose, said *Sancho*, put to public shame. Right, replied the slave; and the offence, for which he underwent this punishment, was his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say, that this cavalier goes for pimping and exercising the trade of a conjurer. Had it been meerly for pimping, said *Don Quixote*, he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated

* Such malefactors as in *England* are set in the pillory, in *Spain* are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the cryer going before and proclaiming their crime.

common-

common-wealth; and none but persons well born ought to exercise it: and in truth there should be inspectors, and comptrollers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many mischiefs would be prevented, which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons, such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dextrous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons, to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before those, who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizzard: though I very well know, there are no forceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn peoples brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I say, a thing impossible to force the will. It is so said the honest old fellow: and truly, Sir, as to being a wizzard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good design could not save me from going where I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so loaden with years, and so troubled with the strangury, which leaves me not a moment's repose: and here he began to weep, as at first; and *Sancho* was so moved with compassion,

that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was ; who answered, not with less, but much more, alacrity than the former : I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine : in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the encreasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me ; I had neither friends, nor money ; my windpipe was in the utmost danger ; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years ; I submit ; it is the punishment of my fault ; I am young ; life may last, and time brings every thing about : if your worship, Signor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in heaven, and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him, that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as your goodly presence deserves. This slave was in the habit of a student ; and one of the guards said, he was a great talker, and a very pretty *Latinist*.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect ; only to look at he seemed to thrust one eye into the other : he was bound somewhat differently from the rest ; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a *keep-friend*, or *friend's-foot*, had two streight irons, which came down from it to his waste, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles *, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock ; insomuch, that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. *Don Quixote* asked, why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed

* The original is *esposas* (spouses) so called because they joined the hands together like man and wife.

more

more villanies than all the rest put together ; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. What kinds of villanies has he committed, said *Don Quixote*, that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys ? He goes for ten years, said the guard, which is a kind of civil death : you need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous *Gines de Passamonte*, alias *Ginefillo de Parapilla*. Fair and softly, Signor commissary, said then the slave ; let us not be now lengthening out names and surnames. *Gines* is my name, and not *Ginefillo* ; and *Passamonte* is the name of my family, and not *Parapilla*, as you say ; and let every one turn himself round and look at home, and he will find enough to do. Speak with more respect, Sir thief above standard, replied the commissary, unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow. You may see answered the slave, that man goeth as god pleaseth ; but some body may learn one day, whether my name is *Ginefillo de Parapilla* or no. Are you not called so, lying rascal, said the guard ? They do call me so, answered *Gines* ; but I will make them that they shall not call me so, or I will flea them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier, continued he, if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and god be with you ; for you tire us with enquiring so much after other men's lives : if you would know mine, know that I am *Gines de Passamonte*, whose life is written by these very fingers. He says true, said the commissary ; for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison in pawn for two hundred reals. Ay, and I intend to redeem it, said *Gines*, if it lay for two hundred ducats. What ! is it so good, said *Don Quixote* ? So good it is, answered *Gines*, that woe be to *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm to your worship is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them.

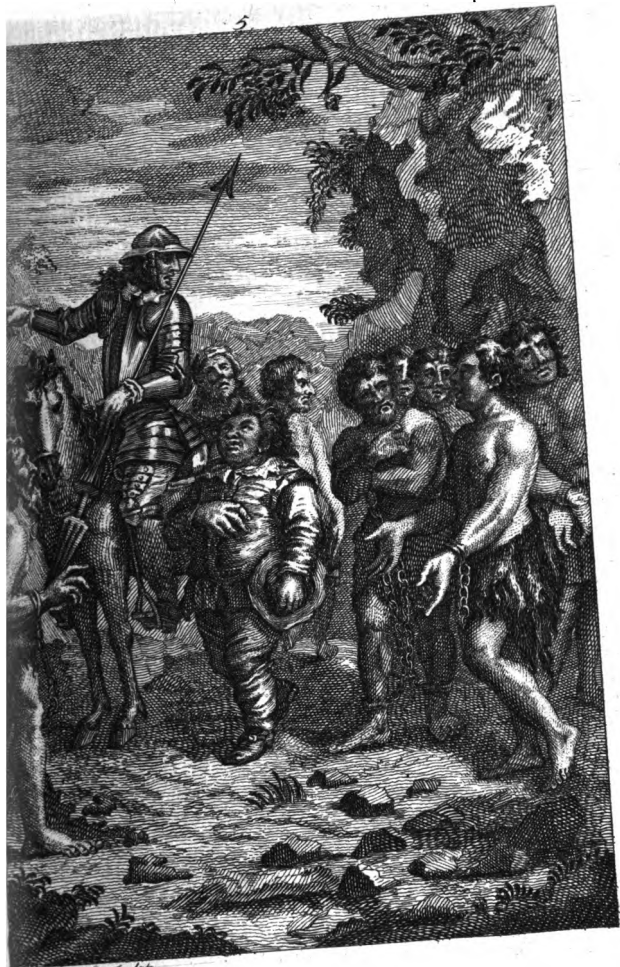
How

How is the book intituled ? demanded *Don Quixote*. *The life of Gines de Passamonte*, replied *Gines* himself. And is it finished ? quoth *Don Quixote*. How can it be finished ? answered he, since my life is not yet finished ? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys. Then belike you have been there before, said *Don Quixote*. Only four years, the other time, replied *Gines*, to serve God and the king ; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull's-pizzle : nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book : for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of *Spain* there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart. You seem to be a witty fellow, said *Don Quixote*. And an unfortunate one, answered *Gines* ; but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious. Pursue the villainous, said the commissary. I have already desired you, Signor commissary, answered *Passamonte*, to go on fair and softly ; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands : now by the life of—— I say no more ; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the buck-washing ; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better ; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough. The commissary lifted up his staff, to strike *Passamonte*, in return for his threats : but *Don Quixote* interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he, who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said : From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the pains you are going to suffer, and that you go to them much against the grain and against your good-liking : and perhaps the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and
in

in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you the effect for which heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But knowing that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose you, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom god and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards, added *Don Quixote*, these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a god in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it. This is pleasant fooling, answered the commissary; an admirable conceit he has broke out with at the long run: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that bason on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot, answered *Don Quixote*; and so with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for *Don Quixote*, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were

were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horse-back drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins, and fell upon *Don Quixote*, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itself to them, of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with *Don Quixote*, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. *Sancho*, for his part, assisted in loosing of *Gines de Passamonte*, who was the first that leaped free and disembarassed upon the plain; and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it, first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from *Passamonte's* gun, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which, upon ringing a bell, would fall out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. It is well, said *Don Quixote*; but I know what is now expedient to be done. Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them. To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins at which god is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence whereof my will and pleasure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out, and



P. Semms Sculp

and go to the City of *Toboso*, and there present yourselves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and tell her, that her knight of the sorrowful figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go in god's name, whither you list. *Gines de Passamonte* answered for them all, and said; What your worship commands us, noble Sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your worship may, and ought to do, is, to change this service and duty * to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is what we may do by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of *Egypt*, I say, to take our chains, and put ourselves on to the way to *Toboso*, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten a-clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. I vow then, quoth *Don Quixote*, already enraged, *Don* son of a whore, *Don Ginesillo de Parapilla*, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back. *Passamonte*, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that *Don Quixote* was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon *Don Quixote*, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor *Rexinante* made no more of the spur than if he had been made

* *Montazgo*, a duty to the king upon cattle.

of brags. *Sancho* got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. *Don Quixote* could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body with such force, that they brought him to the ground ; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the bason from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from *Sancho* his cloak, leaving him in his doublet * ; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each a several way, with more care how to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and to go and present themselves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The ass and *Roxinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remained by themselves ; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head ; *Roxinante* stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone ; *Sancho* in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood ; and *Don Quixote* very much out of humour, to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

* *En pelota*. The phrase signifies to be stark naked. *Pelota* is likewise a garment formerly used in *Spain*, but now unknown. The reader will easily see, that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the sable mountain, being one of the most curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful history.

DON Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire; *Sancho*, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning, from henceforward. Your worship will as much take warning, answered *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk*; but since you say, that if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know that I fancy I already hear their arrows * whizzing about my ears. You are naturally a coward, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*: but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your intreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lye in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lye, and will lye, every time you say or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of *Israel*, and the seven *Maccabees*, and

* The troopers of the holy brotherhood carry bows and arrows.

Caster

42 *The LIFE and EXPLOITS of*

Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world. Sir, answered *Sancho*, retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger over-balances the hope : and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct : therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon *Roxinante* if you can, and if not, I will assist you ; and follow me ; for my noddle tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands. *Don Quixote* mounted, without replying a word more ; and, *Sancho* leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the sable mountain*, which was hard by, it being *Sancho's* intention to pass quite across it, and to get out at *Viso*, or at *Almodovar del Campo*, and to hide themselves, for some days, among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass † had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the sable mountain, where *Sancho* thought it convenient to pass that night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions he had with him lasted : so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides, fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so

* *Sierra morena*. A great mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for so *Sierra* signifies) which divides the kingdom of *Castile* from the province of *Andalusia*, and remarkable for being (*morena*) of a *Moorish* or swarthy colour.

† The provisions were eaten before, and the wallet left in the inn for the reckoning, besides, the loose coat, or cloak, which the galley-slaves had taken away from *Sancho*, had been made use of as a bag for the Provisions when they were first taken. *Quare*, how came *Sancho* by a fresh wallet of provisions ?

ordered

ordered it, that *Gines de Passamonte*, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of *Don Quixote* had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where *Don Quixote's* and *Sancho Pança's* had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the consideration of the future, *Gines*, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, bethought himself of stealing *Sancho Pança's* ass, making no account of *Roxinante*, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. *Sancho Pança* slept; the varlet stole his ass; and before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth rejoicing the earth, and saddening *Sancho Pança*, who missed his *Dapple*, and finding himself deprived of him, began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that *Don Quixote* awakened at his cries, and heard him say; O dear child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and, lastly, the halt of my maintenance! for with six and twenty *Maravedis* he earn'd every day, I half supported my family. *Don Quixote*, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cause, comforted *Sancho* with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home. *Sancho* was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he shewed him. *Don Quixote's* heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events, which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped

ped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had *Sancho* any other concern (now that he thought he was out of danger) than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils: and thus, sitting fideling, as women do, upon his beast*, he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch: and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever. Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground; wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy, that *Sancho* was forced to alight and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. *Sancho* very readily obeyed; and, though the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as soon as he espied them, he cried; Blessed be heaven, which has presented us with one beneficial adventure†. And, fearing further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. *Don Quixote* desired to have it, and bid him take the money and keep it for himself. *Sancho* kissed his hands for the favour; and, emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which *Don Quixote* perceiving, said; I am of opinion, *Sancho*, (nor can it possibly be otherwise) that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of

* It is scarce twenty lines since *Sancho* lost his ass, and here he is upon his back again. The best excuse for this evident blunder is *Horace's aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*.

† The remembrance of this profitable adventure, and the hopes of meeting with such another, carry *Sancho* through many doubts and difficulties in the ensuing history.

robbers,

robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him. It cannot be so, answered *Sancho*; for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here. You say right, said *Don Quixote*, and I cannot guess, nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know. He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might hear it, to this purpose.

*Or love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause
That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if love be a god, we must suppose
His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
Nor does high heaven's behest ordain my fall.
I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the disease's cause,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.*

From this parcel of verses, quoth *Sancho*, nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom. What clue is here? said *Don Quixote*. I thought, said *Sancho*, your worship, named a clue. No, I said *Chloë*, answered *Don Quixote*; and doubtless that is the name of the lady whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he * is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art. Why then, said *Sancho*, your worship, belike, understands rhyming. Yes, and better than you think, answered *Don Quixote*; and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, *Sancho*,

* Cervantes himself.

that

46 *The LIFE and EXPLOITS of*

that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians, these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to Lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them. Pray, Sir, read on farther, said *Sancho*: perhaps you may find something to satisfy us. *Don Quixote* turned over the leaf, and said; This is in prose, and seems to be a letter. A letter of business, Sir? demanded *Sancho*. By the beginning, it seems rather one of love, answered *Don Quixote*. Then pray, Sir, read it aloud, said *Sancho*; for I mightily relish these love-matters. With all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, and reading aloud, as *Sancho* desired, he found it to this effect.

Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit, than I. Were virtue a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good-fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down; by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewel, O authoress of my disquiet; and may heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire.

The letter being read, said *Don Quixote*; we can gather little more from this, than from the verses; only that he who wrote it is some slighted lover. And, turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours, and flights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While *Don Quixote* was examining the book, *Sancho* examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which
he

he did not search, scrutinize, and look into ; nor seam, which he did not rip ; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick, that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness ; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himself not ill paid for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the forgetting the wallet, and the loss of his cloak ; together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The *knight of the sorrowful figure* was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold *, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill-treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one in that uninhabitable and craggy place to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way soever *Roxinante* pleased, and that was wherever he found the way easiest ; still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he thus went on musing, he espied on the top of a small rising, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from tuft to tuft, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare : on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts. His head was likewise bare ; and, though he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, the *knight of the sorrowful figure* saw and observed all these particulars : but, though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not ; for *Roxinante's* feebleness had not the gift of making way through those craggy

* Gold was not current in those days among the common people of Spain.

places; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and flegmatic. *Don Quixote* immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and resolved to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains, before he should find him: wherefore he commanded *Sancho* to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. I cannot do it, answered *Sancho*; for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions: and let this serve to advertise you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence. Be it so, said he of *the sorrowful figure*, and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you: and now follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes; we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of our portmanteau. To which *Sancho* replied; it would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must refund it: and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, *bona fide*, 'till, by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law. You deceive yourself in this, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for, since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it: and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have that this may be he, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend *Sancho*, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed from in finding him. Then he pricked *Roxinante* on, and *Sancho* followed at the usual rate:

rate : and having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd tending his flock ; and presently on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. *Don Quixote* called aloud to him, and desired him to come down to them. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains ? *Sancho* replied, if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended, and, coming to the place where *Don Quixote* was, he said : I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom : in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray, tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts ? We have lighted on nothing, answered *Don Quixote*, but a saddle-cushion and a small port-manteau, which we found not far from hence. I found it too, answered the goatherd, but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it ; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not. I say so too, answered *Sancho* : for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's-throw of it : there I left it, and there it lies as it was, for me ; for I will not have a dog with a bell. Tell me, honest man, said *Don Quixote*, do you know who is the owner of these goods ? What I know, said the goatherd, is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted

on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, you say you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy, and least accessible. We told him, it was this where we now are : and so it is, truly ; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out : and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and made toward the place we shewed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain : and, from that time, we saw him not again, 'till some days after he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-afs, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried ; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goat-herds, knowing this, went almost two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill ; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his cloaths, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and in few but complaisant terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some ; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and
not

not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for god's sake; without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented to him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person: for, though we, who heard him, were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight: for by his demeanour, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground, and then shutting them again; by his biting his lips; and arching his brows; we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him: and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions; for he started up, with great fury, from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out; Ah traitor *Fernando*! here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured: and to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said *Fernando*, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us, and running away plunged amidst the

thickest of the bushes and briars ; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guess, that his madness returns by fits, and that some person, whose name is *Fernando*, must have done him some injury of as grievous a nature, as the condition, to which it has reduced him, sufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force : for, when the mad fit is upon him, tho' the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it ; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it for god's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you, pursued the goatherd, that yesterday I, and four young swains, two of them my servants, and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of *Almodovar*, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable ; or at least inform ourselves who he is, when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your enquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods you found is the same, whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly : for *Don Quixote* had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks. *Don Quixote* was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd ; and, having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, 'till he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected : for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance.

His

HIS dress was such as has been described : but, as he drew near, *Don Quixote* perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of ambergreece ; whence he positively concluded, that the person, who wore such apparel, could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. *Don Quixote* returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from *Roxinante*, with a genteel air and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call *the ragged knight of the sorry figure* (as *Don Quixote* of the *sorrowful*) after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on *Don Quixote's* shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him ; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of *Don Quixote*, than *Don Quixote* was at the sight of him. In short, the first, who spoke after the embracing, was the *ragged knight*, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

C H A P. X.

A continuation of the adventure of the sable mountain.

THE history relates, that great was the attention wherewith *Don Quixote* listened to the *ragged knight* of the mountain, who began his discourse thus : Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are (for I do not know you) I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me ; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good-will, for the kind reception you have given me : but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you, for your kind intentions towards me. Mine, answered *Don Quixote*, are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains 'till I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction, which, by your

leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass such a remedy; and though your misfortune were of that sort; which keep the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes to find those who pity them. And if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither to live and die, like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire. And I swear, added *Don Quixote*, by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised. The *knight of the wood*, hearing him of *the sorrowful figure* talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him; If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for god's sake, and, when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me. *Sancho* immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the *ragged knight* satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way.

Where

Where being arrived, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same : and all this without a word spoken, till the *ragged knight*, having settled himself in his place, said ; If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you, in few words, the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions, or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history ; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more. These words brought to *Don Quixote's* memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But, to return to our *ragged knight*, he went on, saying ; I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes ; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones : and though the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story, yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire. *Don Quixote* promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so ; and, upon this assurance, he began in the following manner.

My name is *Cardenio* ; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all *Andalusia* ; my family noble ; my parents rich ; my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth ; for the goods of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from heaven. In this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of *Lucinda*, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy, than were due to my honourable intentions. This *Lucinda* I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years ; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection, proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not displeased at them ; foreseeing, that if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage : a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and

circumstances. Our love increased with our years, in-
 somuch that *Lucinda's* father thought proper, for rea-
 sons of decency, to deny me access to his house ; imi-
 tating, as it were, the parents of that *Thiſbe*, so cele-
 brated by the poets. This restraint was only adding
 flame to flame, and desire to desire : for, though it was
 in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they
 could not on our pens, which discover to the person be-
 loved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with
 more freedom than the tongue ; for oftentimes the pre-
 sence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes mute the
 most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue.
 O heavens ! how many *billets-doux* did I write to her !
 what charming, what modest answers did I receive !
 how many sonnets did I pen ! how many love-verses
 indite ! in which my soul unfolded all its passion,
 described its enflamed desires, cherished its remem-
 brances, and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, find-
 ing myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing
 with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in
 execution what seemed to me the most likely means to
 obtain my desired and deserved reward : and that was,
 to demand her of her father for my lawful wife ; which
 I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked
 me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in
 my proposed alliance with his family ; but that my fa-
 ther being alive, it belonged more properly to him to
 make this demand : for, without his full consent and
 approbation, *Lucinda* was not a woman to be taken or
 given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind
 intention, thinking there was reason in what he said,
 and that my father would come into it, as soon as I
 should break it to him. In that very instant I went to
 acquaint my father with my desires ; and, upon enter-
 ing the room where he was, I found him with a letter
 open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a
 word, saying to me ; By this letter you will see, *Carde-
 nio*, the inclination duke *Ricardo* has to do you service.
 This duke *Ricarda*, gentlemen, as you cannot but know,
 is a grandee of *Spain*, whose estate lies in the best part
 of *Andaluzia*. I took, and read the letter, which was
 so

so extremely kind, that I myself judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it; which was, that he would send me presently to him, for he was desirous to place me (not as a servant, but) as a companion to his eldest son, and that he engaged to put me into a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: Two days hence, *Cardenio*, you shall depart, to fulfil the duke's pleasure; and give thanks to god, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve. To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition. The time fixed for my departure came; I talked the night before to *Lucinda*, and told her all that had passed; and I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her, till I knew what duke *Ricardo's* pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where duke *Ricardo* resided, who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my being there was a second son of the duke's, called *Fernando*, a sprightly young gentleman, of a gentle, generous, and amorous disposition, who, in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse; and though I had a great share likewise in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which *Don Fernando* loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret, which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with *Don Fernando* ceased to be barely such by being converted into an absolute friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's: her parents were very rich, and she herself was

so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country maid raised *Don Fernando's* desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her; for, otherwise, it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, duke *Ricardo*, with the affair. But *Don Fernando*, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the duke a matter so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months; and his absence he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it not been so plausible a one, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear *Lucinda*. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect, in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is

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its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that when *Don Fernando* had enjoyed the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose, in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company. We came to our town; my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited *Lucinda*; my passion revived, though, in truth it had neither been dead nor asleep: unfortunately for me, I revealed it to *Don Fernando*, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and discretion of *Lucinda*, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel adorned with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it, to my misfortune, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. He saw her, and such she proved to him, as blotted out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb; he lost all sense; he was transported; in short, he fell in love to such a degree, as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to heaven alone, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in *Lucinda* alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is (I confess it now), that, though I knew what just grounds *Don Fernando* had to commend *Lucinda*, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of *Lucinda*, and would begin the discourse himself, though

he brought it in never so abruptly : which awakened in me I know not what jealousy ; and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of *Lucinda*, yet still my fate made me dread the very thing the esteem I had for her secured me from. *Don Fernando* constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to *Lucinda*, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. Now it fell out that *Lucinda*, who was very fond of books of chivalry, desired me to send her that of *Amadis de Gaul*.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* heard him mention books of chivalry, when he said ; Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your story, that the lady *Lucinda* was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding ; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading : so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding ; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece* ; for I know that the lady *Lucinda* will be highly delighted with *Daraida* and *Garaya*, and the witty conceits of the shepherd *Darinel* ; also with those admirable verses of his *Bucolics*, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit, and freedom : but the time may come when this fault may be amended, and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town ; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life : though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised ; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the sun beams can cease to give heat, or the moon to moisten.

en. So that, pray excuse me, and go on ; for that is of most importance to us at present.

While *Don Quixote* was saying all this, *Cardenio* hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of a man profoundly thoughtful ; and though *Don Quixote* twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But, after some time, he raised it, and said ; I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, but that that great villain master *Elisabat* lay with queen *Madasima* *. It is false, I swear, answered *Don Quixote*, in great wrath ; it is extreme malice, or rather villainy, to say so : queen *Madasima* was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack ; and whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal, and I will make him know it on foot or on horse-back, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases. *Cardenio* sat looking at him very attentively, and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story ; neither would *Don Quixote* have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of *Madasima* : and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess ; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say then, that *Cardenio*, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest ; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave *Don Quixote* such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. *Sancho Pança* seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist ; and the ragged knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet ; and pre-

* *Elisabat* is a skilful surgeon in *Amadis de Gaul*, who performs wonderful cures ; and queen *Madasima* is wife to *Gantass*, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deserts, without any imputation on her honour.

fently getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better ; and when he had beaten and threshed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. *Sancho* got up, and in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal, was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits ; for had they known as much, they would have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. *Sancho Pança* replied, and the goatherd rejoined ; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another so, that, if *Don Quixote* had not made peace between them, they would have beat one another to pieces. *Sancho*, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said ; Let me alone, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure ; for this fellow being a bumpkin, like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour. True, said *Don Quixote* ; but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened. Herewith he pacified them ; and *Don Quixote* enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out *Cardenio* ; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts ; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet with him, either in or out of his senses.

C H A P. XI.

Which treats of the strange things that befel the valiant knight of la Mancha in the sable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros.

DO N *Quixote* took his leave of the goatherd, and, mounting again on *Rozinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and *Sancho* was ready to burst for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him: but not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: Signor *Don Quixote*, will your worship be pleased to give me your blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall, at least, have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of *Guisopete**, it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb. I understand, you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; you are impatient till I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue; suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks. Be it so, said *Sancho*: Let me talk now, for

* Meaning *Asop*, I suppose.

god knows what will be hereafter. And so beginning to enjoy the benefit of this license, I say ; What had your worship to do to stand up so warmly for that same queen *Magimasa*, or what's her name ? or, what was it to the purpose whether that abbot * was her gallant, or no ? for, had you let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets. In faith, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen *Madasima* was, I am certain you would own that I had a great deal of patience, that I did not dash to pieces that mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be punk to a barber surgeon. The truth of the story is that that master *Elisabat*, whom the madman mentioned, was a very prudent man, and of a very sound judgment, and served as tutor and physician to the queen : but, to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. And, to shew you that *Cardenio* did not know what he said, you may remember, that, when he said it, he was out of his wits. So say I, quoth *Sancho* ; and therefore no account should have been made of his words ; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom god confound. Besides, do you think, *Cardenio*, if he had killed you, would not have come off, as being a madman ? Any knight-errant, answered *Don Quixote*, is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, as well against men in their senses, as against those out of them ; how much more then ought they to stand up for queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen *Madasima*, for whom I have a particular affec-

* *Abad*. *Sancho*, remembering only the latter part of master *Elisabat*'s name, pleasantly calls him an *Abbot*.

tion,

tion, on account of her good parts : for, besides her being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. And the counsels and company of master *Elisabat* were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to think and talk, that she was his paramour : and I say again, they lye, and will lye two hundred times more, all who say, or think her so. I neither say, nor think so, answered *Sancho* ; let those who say it eat the lye, and swallow it with their bread : whether they were guilty, or no, they have given an account to god before now : I come from my vineyard ; I know nothing ; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives ; for he that buys and lyes, shall find the lye left in his purse behind : besides, naked was I born, naked I remain ; I neither win, nor lose ; if they were guilty, what is that to me ? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on : but who can hedge in the cuckow ? Especially, do they spare God himself ? Bless me ! quoth *Don Quixote*, what a parcel of impertinences are you stringing ! how wide is the subject we are handling from the proverbs you are threading like beads ! Pr'y-thee, *Sancho*, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you. And understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights, who have professed that science in the world. Sir, replied *Sancho*, is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering thro' these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs. Peace, I say, *Sancho*, once again, said *Don Quixote* : for you must know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I shall acquire a perpetual

tual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it shall be such an one as shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous. And is this same exploit a very dangerous one? quoth *Sancho Pança*. No, answered he of *the sorrowful figure*; though the dye may chance to run so, that we may have an unlucky throw, instead of a lucky one: but the whole will depend upon your diligence. Upon my diligence? quoth *Sancho*. Yes, said *Don Quixote*; for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon be over, and my glory will soon commence: and because it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand, *Sancho*, that the famous *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said *one of*; he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for *Don Belianis*, and for all those who say he equalled him in any thing! for, I swear, they are mistaken. I also tell you, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. And the same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate *Ulysses*, in whose person and toils *Homer* draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as *Virgil* also does of a pious son, and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of *Æneas*; not delineating nor describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was *Amadis* the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he, whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being so, friend *Sancho*, the knight-errant who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love,

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was, his retiring, when disdained by the lady *Orlana*, to do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of *Baltenbros* *; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And since this place is so well adapted for that purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity, which now so commodiously offers me its forelock. In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this? Have I not told you, answered *Don Quixote*, that I design to imitate *Amadis*, acting here the desperado, the senseless, and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant *Don Orlando*, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that *Angelica the fair* had dishonoured herself with *Medoro*: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagancies worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And suppose that I do not intend to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Retolando* (for he had all these three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought; I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And perhaps I may satisfy myself with only copying *Amadis*, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses, arrived to as great fame as the best of them all. It seems to me, quoth *Sancho*, that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but, pray, what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* has committed folly either with *Moor* † or christian?

* The *Lovely obscure*.

† *Sancho* seems here to mistake *Medoro*, the name of *Angelica's* supposed galant, for *Moro*, which signifies a *Moor*.

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There lies the point, answered, *Don Quixote*, and in this consists the *finesse* of my affair : to run mad upon a just occasion deserves no thanks ; but to do so without reason is the business ; giving my lady to understand what I should perform wet, if I do so much dry *. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me, by being so long absent from my ever honoured lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* ; for, as you may have heard from that whileome shepherd, *Ambrosio*, *The absent feel and fear every ill*. So that, friend *Sancho*, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, 'till your return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady *Dulcinea* ; and, if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end : but if it proves the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest, and, being so, shall feel nothing : so that what answer soever she returns, I shall get out of the conflict and pain wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses ; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them. But tell me, *Sancho*, have you taken care of *Mambrino's* helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not ? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper. To which *Sancho* answered ; As god liveth, Sir knight of the *sorrowful figure*, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says : they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lye, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it ? for, to hear you say that a barber's basin is *Mambrino's* helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days,

* A kind of profane allusion to a well-known text of scripture, which had not escap'd the inquisitors, but that they are ignorant of the bible : such another we have before, where *Don Quixote*, promises long life on earth to *Sancho*, if he was obedient to his master.

what

what can one think, but that he, who says and affirms such a thing, must be addle-brained? I have the bason in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if god be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I swear likewise, that you have the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world; Is it possible, that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive, that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanterers always busy among us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us: hence it is that this, which appears to you a barber's bason, appears to me *Mambrino's* helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else: And it was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a bason, which, really and truly, is *Mambrino's* helmet: because, being of so great value all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me; but now, that they take it for nothing but a barber's bason, they do not trouble themselves to get it; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take you care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present: I rather think of putting off my armour, and being naked as I was born, in case I should have more mind to copy *Orlando* in my penance, than *Amadis*.

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood alone among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest-trees and some plants
and

and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene, in which the *knight of the sorrowful figure* chose to perform his penance, and, upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beside himself. This is the place, O ye heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which yourselves have involved me. This is the spot, where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence, and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains (so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never disturb your sweet repose) assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan. O *Dulcinea del Toboso*, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (so may heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for) consider, I beseech you, the place and state, to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. And, O you my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in your memory what you shall see me here perform, that you may recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all. And, saying this, he alighted from *Roxinante*, and, in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle, and giving him a slap on the buttocks, said to him; O steed, as excellent for thy performances,

ces, as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt ; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither *Astolpho's Hippogriff*, nor the famous *Frontino*, which cost *Bramante* so dear, could match thee in speed.

Sancho, observing all this, said : God's peace be with him, who saved us the trouble of unpanneling *Dapple* * ; for, in faith, he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise : but, if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it ; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased god. And truly, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle *Roxinante* again, that he may supply the loss of my *Dapple*, and save me time in going and coming ; for, if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being, in truth, a sorry footman. Be it as you will, answered *Don Quixote* ; for I do not disapprove your project ; and I say, you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her. What have I more to see, quoth *Sancho*, than what I have already seen ? You are very far from being perfect in the story, answered *Don Quixote* ; for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks ; with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration. For the love of god, said *Sancho*, have a care how you give yourself those knocks ; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that, at the first dash, you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance : and, I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks on the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content your self (since all is a

* Here *Dapple* is lost again, though he has been with *Sancho* ever since the very morning that *Gines* stole him, 'till the minute that the bill for the colts was to be given.

fiction,

fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham) I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady, that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond. I thank you for your good-will, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; but I would have you to know, that all these things that I do, are not in jest, but very good earnest: for, otherwise, it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lye at all, on pain of being cashiered as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. And it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam. It was worse to lose the ass, answered *Sancho*; for, in losing him, we lost lint and every thing else; and I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: and write you the letter, and dispatch me quickly; for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you. *Purgatory*, do you call it, *Sancho*? said *Don Quixote*. Call it rather *Hell*, or worse, if any thing can be worse. I have heard say, quoth *Sancho*, that *out of hell there is no retention* *. I know not, said *Don Quixote*, what *retention* means. *Retention* is, answered *Sancho*, that he who is once in hell never gets, nor never can get out. But it will be quite the reverse in your worship's case, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to enliven *Roxinante*: and let me but once get to *Toboso*, and into the presence of my lady *Dulcinea*, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things (for they are all no better)

* *No redemption*, he means.

which

which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree : with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, and is not, because there is hope to get out of it ; which, as I have said, none can have that are in hell ; nor do I believe you will say otherwise. That is true, answered he of *the sorrowful figure* ; but how shall we contrive to write the letter ? And the ass-colt-bill ? added *Sancho*. Nothing shall be omitted, said *Don Quixote* ; and, since we have no paper, we should do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax, though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in *Cardenio's* pocket-book, and you shall take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster ; or, if there be none, any parish clerk will transcribe it for you : but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law ; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand. But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand ? said *Sancho*. Billets-doux are never subscribed, answered *Don Quixote*. Very well, replied *Sancho* ; but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself ; for if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts. The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book ; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus ; *Yours, 'till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure*. And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand ; for, by what I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter, or single character, of mine in her whole life ; for our loves have always been of the *Platonic* kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another ; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve

years that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times ; and, perhaps, of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness, with which her father *Lorenzo Corcbuela*, and her mother *Aldonza Nogales*, have brought her up. Hey day ! quoth *Sancho*, what, the daughter of *Lorenzo Corcbuelo* ! is she the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, alias *Aldonza Lorenzo* ? It is even she, said *Don Quixote* ; and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe. I know her well, quoth *Sancho* ; and I can assure you, she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish : Long live the giver ; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress : odds my life, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has ! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen, who were in a field of her father's ; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower : and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy ; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, *Sir knight of the sorrowful figure*, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and no body that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her ; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered ; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor *Don Quixote*, that hitherto I have been in a great error ; for I thought for certain, that the lady *Dulcinea* was some great princess, with whom you was in love, or at least some person of such great quality, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the *Biscayner*, as that of the galley-slaves ; and many others there must have been, considering the
many

many victories you must have gained and won, before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady *Aldonza Lorenzo* (I mean the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*) to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her? and who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present? I have often told you, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that you are an eternal babler; and though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting: but, to convince you at once of your folly, and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

Know then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well-set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension: I wonder, Madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say, this I like, that I do not like. But she answered him with great frankness and good humour; you are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old-fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than *Aristotle* himself. In like manner *Sancho*, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Do you think that the *Amaryllis's*, the *Phyllis's*, the *Sylvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Galatea's*, the *Alida's*, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers shops, and stage-plays are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood, and

to those who do, and have celebrated them? No certainly, but they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse. and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe, that the good *Aldonza Lorenzo* is beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood*; and, for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. For you must know, *Sancho*, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both these are to be found in perfection in *Dulcinea*; for, in beauty, none can be compared with her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. *Helen* is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by *Lucretia*, or any of the other famous women of antiquity, whether *Grecian*, *Latin*, or *Barbarian*. And let every one say what he pleases; for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges. Your worship, replied *Sancho*, is always in the right, and I am an ass: but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged? but give me the letter, and god be with you; for I am upon the wing.

- *Don Quixote* pulled out the pocket-book, and stepping aside began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called *Sancho*, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill fortune. To which *Sancho* answered: write it, Sir, two or three times there in the

* Knights of *Malta* must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old catholics, without any mixture of *Moorish* or *Jewish* blood.

book,

book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully : but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly ; for mine is so bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me ; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one. Listen then, said *Don Quixote*, for it runs thus.

Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sovereign and high lady,

*The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you, which he wants himself *. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am enured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours ; and, if not, do what seems good to you : for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.*

Yours, until death,

The knight of the sorrowful figure:

By the life of my father, quoth *Sancho*, hearing the letter, it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Ods my life, how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please ! and how excellently do you close all with *the knight of the sorrowful figure* ! Verily, your worship is the devil himself ; for there is nothing but what you know. The profession I am of, answered *Don Quixote*, requires me to understand every thing. Well then, said *Sancho*, pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and

* This is very like the beginning of some of *Ovid's* epistles ; as,
Qua, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
Mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.

Phædra Hippolito, ep. 4.

sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight. With all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, and having written it, he read as follows.

*Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Pança my squire: which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. * Done in the heart of the sable mountain, the twenty-second of August, this present year——*

It is mighty well, said *Sancho*; pray sign it. It wants no signing, said *Don Quixote*; I need only put my cypher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred. I rely upon your worship, answered *Sancho*: let me go and saddle *Roxinante*, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more. At least, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I would have you see (nay, it is necessary you should see) I say, I will have you see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks; for I shall dispatch them in less than half an hour: and having seen these with your eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for, assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform. For the love of god, dear Sir, quoth *Sancho*, let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is so disordered with last night's grief for the loss of poor dapple, that I am in no condition, at present, to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them cloathed, and with brevity, and let them

* The king of Spain writes, *Done at our court, &c.* as the king of England does, *Given, &c.*

be such as will stand you in most stead : and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this ; and, as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady *Dulcinea* prepare herself ; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly, I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets ; for it is not to be endured, that so famous a knight-errant, as your worship, should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a ——— Let not madam provoke me to speak out ; before god, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market *. I am pretty good at this sport : she does not know me : if she did, i'faith she would agree with me. In troth, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, to all appearance you are as mad as myself. Not quite so mad, answered *Sancho*, but a little more choleric. But, setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat till my return ? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like *Gardenio* ? Trouble not yourself about that, answered *Don Quixote* : though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me ; for the *finesse* of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities. Then *Sancho* said : Do you know, Sir, that I am afraid I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so intricate and obscure. Observe well the marks ; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, said *Don Quixote*, and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many trees that are here, and strew them

* *Sancho* here, by threatening to blurt out something, gives a kind of sly prophecy of the *Dulcinea* he intended to palm upon his master's folly, and prepares the reader for that gross imposition of enchanting the three princesses and their palfreys, into three country wenches upon asses. No translation has made sense of this artful passage ; and even *Stevens*, with all his pretences to *Spanish*, was so accurate, as to leave it entirely out, as he has done some others preceding in the same page.

as you go on, from space to space, till you are got down into the plain; and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by, at your return, in imitation of *Theseus's* clue to the labyrinth. I will do so, answered *Sancho Pança*; and, having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon *Rozinante*, of whom *Don Quixote* gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him: and so away he went, though *Don Quixote* still importuned him to stay and see him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above an hundred paces, when he turned back, and said; Your worship, Sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience, that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should, at least, see you do one; though, in truth, I have seen a very great one already in your staying here. Did not I tell you so, quoth *Don Quixote*: stay but a moment, *Sancho*; I will dispatch them in the repeating of a *Credo* *. Then, stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt: and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers † in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, exposing things that made *Sancho* turn *Rosinante* about, that he might not see them a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad: and so we will leave him going on his way till his return, which was speedy.

* The *Credo* is so soon run over in catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

† *Zapatetas*. A kind of capering, striking, at the same time, the sole of the shoe, or foot, with the hand.

C H A P. XII.

A Continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote, as a lover, in the sable mountain.

THE History, turning to recount what the *knight of the sorrowful figure* did when he found himself alone, informs us, that *Don Quixote*, having finished his tumblers and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and cloathed from the middle upward, and perceiving that *Sancho* was gone, without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of an high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution: and that was, which of the two was best, and would stand him in most stead, to imitate *Orlando* in his extravagant madness, or *Amadis* in his melancholic moods: and, talking to himself, he said; If *Orlando* was so good and valiant a knight, as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since, in short, he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him, but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with seven soles of iron. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against *Bernardo del Carpio*, who knew the secret and pressed him to death between his arms, in *Roncesvalles*. But, setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, occasioned by some tokens he found in the forest, and by the news brought him by the shepherd, that *Angelica* had slept more than two afternoons with *Medoro*, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to *Azramante*. And if he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madnesses, if I cannot imitate him in the occasion of them? for, I dare swear, my *Dulcinea del Toboso* never saw a Moor, in his own dress *, in all her

* Many persons in Spain, to all outward appearance Spaniards, are suspected of being privately Moors.

life, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her ; and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of *Orlando Furioso*. On the other side, I see that *Amadis de Gaul*, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For, as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his lady *Oriana*, who commanded him not to appear in her presence, till it was her pleasure, he only retired to the *poor rock*, accompanied by an hermit, and there wept his belly full, till heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and greatest anguish. And if this be true as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark-naked, or grieve these trees, that never did me any harm ? neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Let the memory of *Amadis* live, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of whom shall be said, what was said of the other, that if he did not atchieve great things, he died in attempting them *. And, if I am not rejected nor disdained by my *Dulcinea*, it is sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well then ; hands, to your work : come to my memory, ye deeds of *Amadis*, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you : but I know, that the most he did was to pray ; and so will I do. Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was, his not having an hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him ; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of *Dulcinea*. But those that were found en-

* This is plainly an allusion to that epitaph of *Phaeton* in *Ovid* ;

*Hic situs est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Métam. l. ii. v. 327.

tire and legible, after he was found in that place, were only these following.

I.

*Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea*

Del Toboso.

II.

*Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led;
Here exil'd from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.
Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In absence from Dulcinea*

Del Toboso.

III.

*O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel lash display;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea*

Del Toboso.

The addition of *Toboso* to the name of *Dulcinea* occasioned no small laughter in those, who found the above-recited verses: for they concluded that *Don Quixote* imagined, that if, in naming *Dulcinea*, he did not add

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add *Toboso*, the couplet could not be understood ; and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others ; but, as it is said, they could transcribe no more than these three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, and in sighing, and invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to answer, to console, and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself till *Sancho's* return ; who, if he had tarried three weeks as he did three days, *the knight of the sorrowful figure* would have been so disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befel *Sancho* in his embassy.

Which was, that, when he got into the high-road, he steered towards *Toboso*, and the next day he came within sight of the inn, where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him : and scarce had he discovered it at a distance, when he fancied himself again flying in the air ; and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is, about noon : besides, he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. And, while he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him ; and one said to the other ; Pray, Signor licentiate, is not that *Sancho Pança* yonder on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, was gone with her master as his squire ? Yes it is, said the licentiate, and that is our *Don Quixote's* horse. And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber of his village, and the persons, who had scrutinized, and passed a kind of inquisitorial sentence* on the books : and being now certain it was *Sancho Pança* and *Roxinante*, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of *Don*

* *Auto general*. A kind of goal-delivery of the *Inquisition*, when the convicts are burnt and the rest set at liberty.

Quixote,

Quixote, they went up to him, and the priest, calling him by his name, said; Friend *Sancho Pança*, where have you left your master? *Sancho Pança* immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place, and circumstances, in which he had left his master: so he answered, that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. No, no, quoth the barber, *Sancho Pança*, if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and see that you produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you. There is no reason why you should threaten me, quoth *Sancho*; for I am not a man to rob or murder any body: let every man's fate kill him, or god that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who was the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what *Sancho* told them; and though they already knew *Don Quixote's* madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired *Sancho Pança* to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. He said, it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The priest said, if he would shew it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. *Sancho Pança* put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book; but he found it not, nor could he have found it, had he searched for it till now; for it remained with *Don Quixote*, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When *Sancho* perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found,

found, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it, and presently after, he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bashed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, asked what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? What should happen to me, answered *Sancho*, but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, and each of them as stately as a castle? How so? replied the barber. I have lost the pocket-book, answered *Sancho*, in which was the letter to *Dulcinea*, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home. And at the same time he told them how he had lost his *Dapple*. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted nor complied with. *Sancho* was comforted by this, and said, that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to *Dulcinea*, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. Repeat it then, *Sancho*, quoth the barber, and we will write it down afterwards. Then *Sancho* began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said, after a very long pause: Before god, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: *High and subterranean lady*. No, said the barber, not subterranean, but super-humane, or sovereign lady. It was so, said *Sancho*. Then, if I do not mistake, it went on; *the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair*; and then it said I know not what of *health and sickness that he sent*; and

and here he went on roving, till at last he ended with *Thine till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure.*

They both were not a little pleased, to see how good a memory *Sancho* had, and commended it much, and desired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice *Sancho* repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind dispatch from his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or, at least, a king; for so it was concerted between them two; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, such was the worth of his person and the strength of his arm; and, when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower *), and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land; for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. *Sancho* said all this with so much gravity, and so little sense, ever and anon blowing his nose, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of *Don Quixote's* madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it; besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies; and therefore they told him, he should pray to god for his lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or, at least, an archbishop †, or something

* Here *Sancho* recollects that he has a wife, and that he cannot marry the damsel go-between till *Theresa* is dead.

† The archbishops of *Toledo* and *Sevil* make as great a figure as most

something else of equal dignity. To which *Sancho* answered; Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops errant usually give to their squires? They usually give them, answered the priest, some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more. Ay, but then it will be necessary, replied *Sancho*, that the squire be not married, and that he knows, at least, the responses to the mass; and, if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the first letter of *A, B, C*. What will become of me, if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant? Be not uneasy, friend *Sancho*, said the barber; for we will intreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for it will be better for himself also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar. I have thought the same, answered *Sancho*, though I can affirm that he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is to pray to our lord, that he will direct him to that, which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me. You talk like a wise man, said the priest, and will act therein like a good christian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise (for it is high time), let us go into the inn. *Sancho* desired them to go in, and said, he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason, why he did not; nor was it convenient for him to go in; but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for *Roxinante*. They went in, and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some meat.

most kings, having an annual revenue of little less than an hundred thousand pistoles.

Then

Then they two having laid their heads together, how to bring about their design, the priest bethought him of a device exactly fitted to *Don Quixote's* humour, and likely to effect what they desired. Which was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself into the habit of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself, the best he could, so as to pass for his squire ; and that in this disguise they should go to the place where *Don Quixote* was ; and himself pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, would beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe ; and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her whether she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight ; intreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, till he had done her justice on that wicked knight : and he made no doubt, but that *Don Quixote* would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

C H A P. XIII.

How the priest and the barber put their design in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

THE barber did not dislike the priest's contrivance ; on the contrary, he approved so well of it, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pyed ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them, why they desired those things ? The priest gave them a brief account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and how necessary that disguise was, in order to get him from the mountain where he then was.

The

The host and hostess presently conjectured, that this madman was he, who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam, and master of the blankettèd squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without concealing what *Sancho* had so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed; and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white sattin; which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of king *Bamba* *. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore a-nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other garter made a kind of vizard muffler, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his bever, which was so broad-brimmed, that it might serve him for an umbrella; and, lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule side-ways, like a woman: the barber got also upon his, with his beard that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pyed-ox. They took leave of all, and of good *Maritornes*, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary, that god might give them good success in so arduous and christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it: and acquainting the barber with his scruple, he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that he should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity: and, if he would not consent to do so, he was determined to proceed no farther, though the

* As we say, in the days of Queen *Isa*. *Bamba* was an old Gothic king of Spain.

devil should run way with *Don Quixote*. Upon this, *Sancho* came up to them, and, seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber, in short, consented to what the priest desired; and, the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to *Don Quixote*, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered, that, without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress, 'till they came near to the place where *Don Quixote* was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, *Sancho Pança* being their guide: who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; but said not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day they arrived at the place, where, *Sancho* had strewed the broom-boughs, as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any significancy toward delivering his master: for they had before told him, that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from that evil life he had chosen; and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to *Dulcinea*, he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read, had answered by word of mouth, that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, about an affair in which he was greatly concerned: for, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out, in order to become an emperor

peror or a king; for as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that. *Sancho* listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was entirely of opinion, that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what *Sancho* said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. *Sancho* entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool, and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees. It was in the month of *August*, when the heats in those parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for *Sancho's* return, which accordingly they did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little surprized, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well. For though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is really true: and especially when they observed, that the verses, they heard sung, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and courtlike persons. And the verses, which confirmed them in their opinion, were these following.

I. *What*

I.

*What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel disdain.*

*What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.*

*How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence cross.*

*Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy, and scorn
Have left me hopeless and forlorn.*

II.

*What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected love.*

*What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel band.*

*And what confirms my misery?
Heav'n's fix'd decree.*

*Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end:
For die I must, when three such foes,
Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliss oppose.*

III.

*My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.*

*What gains love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.*

*Its pains what med'cine can assuage?
Wild phrenzy's rage.*

*'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
For such a grief to seek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than phrenzy, death, inconstancy.*

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay still, expecting if perchance they might hear something more: but, perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved

ved to issue forth in search of the musician, who had sung so agreeably. And just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears with this sonnet.

S O N N E T.

*Friendship thou hast with nimble flight
Exulting gain'd th'empyreal height,
In heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
Thy semblance reigns in mimic show!
From thence to earth, at thy behest,
Descends fair peace, cœlestial guest;
Beneath whose vail of shining hue
Deceit oft lurks conceal'd from view.
Leave, friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat;
Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
If still he wears thy borrow'd smiles,
And still unwary truth beguiles,
Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
Into its first confusion fall.*

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively in hopes of more; but, finding that the music was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person, whose voice was as excellent, as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when, at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that *Sancho* had described to them, when he told them the story of *Cardenio*. The man expressed no surprize at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, 'till just at the instant when they came, unexpectedly, upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and, in few, but very significant words, intreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greatest. *Cardenio* was

was then in his perfect senses, free from those outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself; and, seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time; and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for, by what the priest had said to him, he understood as much: wherefore he answered in this manner. I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons, who setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place: but, not knowing, as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief, but I shall fall into a greater, they, doubtless, take me for a very weak man, and perhaps, what is worse, a fool or a madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension, that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation: and I find this to be true, by people's telling and shewing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me: And all I can do, is to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies, by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects: and, if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. And, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes: for perhaps when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring

deavouring to cure a malady that admits of no consolation. The two, who desired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cause of his misery, intreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to *Don Quixote* and the goatherd, some few days before, when, on the mention of master *Elisabat*, and *Don Quixote's* punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good-fortune would have it, *Cardenio's* mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end: and so, coming to the passage of the love letter, which *Don Fernando* found between the leaves of the book of *Amadis de Gaul*, he said he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

LUCINDA to CARDENIO.

I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and forces me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you have.

This letter made me resolve to demand *Lucinda* in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those, which gave *Don Fernando* such an opinion of *Lucinda*, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told *Don Fernando* what *Lucinda's* father expected; which was, that my father should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should not come into it; not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue,

virtue, and beauty of *Lucinda*, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of *Spain* whatever; but because I understood by him, that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait 'till we should see what duke *Ricardo* would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To all this *Don Fernando* answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to *Lucinda's*. O ambitious *Marius*! O cruel *Catiline*! O wicked *Sylla*! O crafty *Galalon*! O perfidious *Vellido*! O vindictive *Julian*! O covetous *Judas* *! Traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what disservice had this poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended you? what word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the encrease of your honour and your interest? But why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! since it is certain, that, when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that no human force can stop them, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought that *Don Fernando*, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should be so pestilentially enflamed, as to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb, which yet I had not possessed? But, setting aside these reflexions as vain and unprofitable, let us resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

I say then, that *Don Fernando*, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder

* Every body knows *Marius*, *Catiline*, *Sylla*, and *Judas*. *Galalon* betrayed the army that came into *Spain* under *Charlemaine*; *Vellido* murdered king *Sancho*; and count *Julian* brought in the *Moors*, because king *Roderigo* had ravished his daughter.

brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day, on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I so much as suspect it? No certainly; on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with *Lucinda*, and told her all that had passed between *Don Fernando* and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting *Don Fernando's* treachery, as I did, desired me to make haste back, since she believed the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than 'till my father had spoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this, than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of a great many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune, or my assiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by heaven for a mistress. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another an hundred thousand little childish stories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance: and the greatest length my presumption ever ran, was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips, as well as the narrowness of the iron-grate, which was between us, would permit. But, the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure, she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing

seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in *Lucinda*. But, not to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow, which parting occasions in those, who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected; all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me. I arrived at the place whither I was sent: I gave the letters to *Don Fernando's* brother: I was well received; but my business was not soon dispatched; for he ordered me to wait (much to my sorrow) eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false *Don Fernando*; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from *Lucinda*, especially considering I had left her in so much sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expence of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man to look for me with a letter, which he gave me, and which, by the superscription, I knew to be *Lucinda's*; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter that put her upon writing to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the messenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry; friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of god, to carry this letter with all expedition, to the place and person it is directed to; for both are well known;

and in so doing you will do a charity acceptable to our lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief; and so saying she threw the handkerchief out at the window; in which were tied up an hundred reals, and this gold ring I have here, with the letter I have given you: and presently, without staying for my answer, she quitted the window; but first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief; and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded. And now, seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing, by the superscription, it was for you (for, Sir, I know you very well) and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours (for so long it is since I had it) I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues. While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so, that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these words.

The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness, that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.

These, in fine, were the contents of the letter, and such as made me set out immediately, without waiting for

for any other answer, or the money : for now I plainly saw, it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved *Don Fernando* to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against *Don Fernando*, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and wishes of so many years, added wings to my speed ; so that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go and talk with *Lucinda*. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it, that *Lucinda* was standing at the grate *, the witness of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her ; but not as she ought to have known me, and I her. But who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman ? No body, certainly. I say then, that, as soon as *Lucinda* saw me, she said : *Cardenio*, I am in my bridal habit : there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous *Don Fernando* and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend ; but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you. I replied to her, with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her : Let your actions, Madam, make good your words ; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse to us. I do not believe she heard all these words, being, as I perceived, called away hastily ; for the bridegroom waited for her.

* In *Spain* lovers carry on their courtship at a low window with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house till the parents on both sides are agreed.

Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen ; the fun of my joy was set : I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me ; but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body. And so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met ; whence, without being seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt, while I stood there ? the thoughts that occurred to me ? the reflections I made ? Such, and so many, were they, that they neither can nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall without other ornament than the cloaths he usually wore. He had with him for brideman a cousin-german of *Lucinda's*, and there was no other person in the room, but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out *Lucinda*, accompanied by her mother, and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in, gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress ; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendor of the precious stones and jewels of her head-attire, and of the rest of her habit ; which yet were exceeded in lustre by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which, vying with the precious stones, and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose ! why do you represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy ? Were it
not

not better, cruel memory, to put me in mind of, and represent to my imagination, what she then did; that, moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these digressions I make; for my misfortune is not of that kind, that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically, since each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse. To this the priest replied; that they were so far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as deserved not to be passed over in silence, and merited no less attention than the principal parts of the story.

I say then, continued *Cardenio*, that, they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, “Will you, Madam *Lucinda*, take Signor “*Don Fernando*, who is here present, for your lawful “husband, as our holy mother the church commands?” I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what *Lucinda* answered; expecting, from her answer, the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud; Ah, *Lucinda, Lucinda!* see what you do; consider what you owe me: behold, you are mine, and cannot be another’s. Take notice, that your saying *Yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. Ah, traitor, *Don Fernando!* ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? consider, you cannot, as a christian, arrive at the end of your desires; for *Lucinda* is my wife, and I am her husband. Ah, fool that I am! now, that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul’s treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had

had as much heart to do it, as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting *Lucinda's* answer, who gave it not for a long time ; and, when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, *I will*. The same said *Don Fernando*, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride ; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw, in the consenting *Yes*, my hopes frustrated, *Lucinda's* vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of my ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, and thought myself abandoned of heaven, and made an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears : the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at *Lucinda's* swooning ; and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which *Don Fernando* presently seized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux, and, having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit. Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not ; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should have known the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false *Don Fernando*, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained, that at that juncture, I had the use of my understanding, which has ever since failed me ; and so, without thinking to
take

take revenge on my greatest enemies (which might very easily have been done when they thought so little of me) I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives: for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain; but that which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place where I had left the mule: I got it saddled, and, without taking any leave, I mounted, and rode out of the town, not daring, like another *Lot*, to look behind me; and, when I found myself in the field alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain, without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thousand exclamations on *Lucinda* and *Don Fernando*, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another, to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal: but, in the height of these curses and reproaches, I excused her, saying; it was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband so considerable, so rich, and so accomplished a cavalier; and that, to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, supposing she had owed her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before *Don Fernando* offered himself, they themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter: and how easily might she, before she came to the

last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine: for I would have appeared, and have confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion. In fine, I concluded, that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and a desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes, and honest desires. With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journied on the rest of the night, and at day-break arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, till at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts; and there I enquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here; and, at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus I was left on foot quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground: at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity: for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things, that they wanted no farther proof of my having lost my understanding: and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagancies, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at that time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out
of

of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in the places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it, and the will to take it. At other times, as they tell me, when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and, though the shepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather chuse to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting till it shall please heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of *Lucinda*, and the wrongs done me by *Don Fernando*: for, if it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech god to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune: tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure; for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man, who refuses to take it. I will have no health without *Lucinda*: and since she was pleased to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone; I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand as an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person, whom the impossibility of receiving consolation could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself.

Here

Here *Cardenio* ended his long discourse, and his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love ; and, just as the priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents said, what will be related in the fourth book of this history ; for, at this point, the wise and judicious historian *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* put an end to the third.

T H B

T H E
L I F E and E X P L O I T S
Of the ingenious Gentleman
D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befel the priest and the barber in the same sable mountain.

MOST happy and fortunate were the times, in which the most daring knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was ushered into the world; since, through the glorious resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knight errantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful as they are of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing, artificial, and true, than the history itself: which, resuming the broken thread of the narration, relates, that, as the priest was preparing himself to comfort *Cardenio*, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner.

O heavens !

O heavens ! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burthen of this body, which I bear about so much against my will ? Yes, it is, if the solitude, which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me ! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living, from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.

The priest, and they that were with him, heard all this very distinctly ; and perceiving, as they easily might, that the voice was near them, they rose up in quest of it ; and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree ; whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently, that he did not hear them ; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal, growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were : and finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two, to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts : which they accordingly did, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing : he had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey huntsman's cap on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beautiful feet, he immediately wiped them with an handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap ; and, at
the



P. Simms Sculpt

the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and such a beauty, that *Cardenio* said to the priest, with a low voice; Since this is not *Lucinda*, it can be no human, but must be a divine creature. The youth took off his cap, and shaking his head, there began to flow down, and spread over his shoulders, a quantity of lovely hair, that *Apollo* himself might envy. By this they found, that the person, who seemed to be a peasant, was, in reality, a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even *Cardenio* himself, if he had never seen and known *Lucinda*; for, as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of *Lucinda* alone could come in competition with her's. Her golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All which excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. For this purpose they resolved to shew themselves; and, at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, with both her hands, parting her hair from before her eyes, saw those who had made the noise; and scarcely had she seen them, when she rose up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or re-place her hair, she hastily snatched up something like a bundle of clothes, which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, all in confusion and surprize: but she had not gone fix steps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down: which the three perceiving, went up to her, and the priest was the first who said; Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you: there is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor we permit: To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying:

What

What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers ; a manifest indication that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice, since no evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to that extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention : and therefore, dear madam, or dear sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprize, which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune ; for you will find us jointly, or severally, disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes.

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word : just like a country clown, when he is shewn of a sudden something curious, or never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and, breaking silence, said : Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to bely my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance, than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me ; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion ; since it will not be in your power, either to remedy, or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young, and alone, in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed, if it was in my power. All this she, who appeared so
beautiful

beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease, and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty, and they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her, that she would perform her promise; she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner.

There is a place in this country of *Andaluzia*, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call *grandees of Spain*. This duke has two sons; the elder, heir to his estate, and, in appearance, to his virtues; and the younger, heir to, I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of *Vellido **, and the deceitfulness of *Galalon †*. My parents are vassals to this nobleman: it is true, they are of low extraction, but so rich, that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for, it is probable, my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low, that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high, as to hinder me from thinking, that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness. In a word, they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty christians §; but so rusty, that their wealth, and handsome way of living, is, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers; though the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was, their having me for their daughter: and, as they had no other child to

* Who murdered *Sancho* king of *Castile*, as he was easing himself, at the siege of *Camora*.

† Who betrayed the *French* army at *Roncesvalles*.

§ That is, original *Spaniards*, without mixture of *Moor* or *Jew*, for several generations, such only being qualified for titles of honour.
inherit

inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror, in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and the whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of heaven; to which, being so good, mine were always entirely conformable. And, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses, the number of herds, flocks, and bee-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was entrusted to my care: I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on theirs, that I cannot easily enhance it to you. The hours of the day that remained, after giving directions, and assigning proper tasks to the head-servants, over-seers, and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and sometimes spinning: and if now and then to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience shewed me, that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it was not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. While I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a kind of voluntary confinement, that might be compared to that of a nunnery, without being seen, as I imagined, by any one besides our own servants, because, when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon; it fell out, I say, notwithstanding

standing all this, that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me by the industrious curiosity of *Don Fernando* : for that is the name of the duke's younger son, whom I told you of.

She had no sooner named *Don Fernando*, than *Cardenio's* colour changed, and he began to sweat with such violent perturbation, that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits, to which they had heard he was now and then subject. But *Cardenio* did nothing but sweat, and sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the country-maid, imagining who she must be ; who, taking no notice of the emotions of *Cardenio*, continued her story, saying ;

Scarcely had he seen me, when (as he afterwards declared) he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence *Don Fernando* used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family ; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and day of rejoicing in our street : no body could sleep o' nights for serenades. Infinite were the billet-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them, than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for a quite contrary purpose ; not that I disliked the gallantry of *Don Fernando*, or thought him too importunate : for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters : for, let us women be never so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with

with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through *Don Fernando's* design; for indeed he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bid me consider the disproportion between me and *Don Fernando*, from whence I ought to conclude, that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon my good: and if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me, they said, out of hand, to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth, and my good character, put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer *Don Fernando* the least word, that might afford him the most distant hope of succeeding in his design. All this reservedness of mine, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his lascivious appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he shewed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this account of it. At length *Don Fernando* discovered, that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. And this news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what you shall presently hear: which was, that, one night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered; without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and the solitude of this silence and recluseness, he stood before me; at whose sight I was struck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me

me to have done it : for he instantly ran to me, and, taking me in his arms (for, as I said, I had no power to struggle; being in such confusion) he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his design. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began, I knew not how, to deem for true so many and so great falsities : not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. And so, my first surprize being over, I began a little to recover my lost spirits ; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said : If, Sir, as I am between your arms, I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that, which has been, not to have been : so that, though you hold my body confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave : the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine ; and though a country girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me ; I set no value upon your riches ; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears mollify me. Any of these things would move me in a person, whom my parents should assign me for a husband, nor should my inclination transgress the bounds which theirs prescribed it. And therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think, that any one, who is not my lawful husband, shall ever prevail on me.

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If that be all you stick at, most beautiful *Dorothea* (for that is the name of this unhappy woman) said the treacherous cavalier, lo! here I give you my hand to be yours, and let the heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witnesses to this truth. When *Cardenio* heard her call herself *Dorothea*, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; only he said, What! Madam, is your name *Dorothea*? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble yours. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion. *Dorothea* took notice of *Cardenio's* words, and of his strange tattered dress, and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for, if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster whatever that might befall her, secure in this, that none could possibly happen, that could in the least add to those she already endured. Madam, replied *Cardenio*, I would not be the means of destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet. Be that as it will, answered *Dorothea*; I go on with my story. *Don Fernando* taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband; although I warned him, before he had done, to consider well what he was about, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and therefore he ought to beware lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, since that would not be a sufficient excuse for his fault; and, if he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches

matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure, with which they set out.

All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him ; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design ; just as he, who never intends to pay, sticks at nothing in making a bargain. Upon that occasion I reasoned thus with myself. Well ! I shall not be the first, who by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to an high condition, nor will *Don Fernando* be the first, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since then I neither make a new world, nor a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shews for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will ; for, in short, in the sight of god, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence ; and so I shall remain dishonoured, and without excuse, when I am censured by those who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents, and others, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent ? All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, was, *Don Fernando's* oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and, in fine, his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved as mine was. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in heaven. *Don Fernando* repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes ; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. And with this and my maid's going again

again out of the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a finished traitor.

The day, that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, *Don Fernando* wished. For, after the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because *Don Fernando* made haste to leave me; and, by the diligence of the same maid, who had betrayed me, was got into the street before break of day. And, at parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and the truth and sincerity of his oaths: and, as a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained I know not whether sad or joyful: this I can truly say, that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying *Don Fernando* into my chamber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myself whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told *Don Fernando*, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, till he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street, or at church, in above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt, an exercise he was very fond of. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of *Don Fernando*. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption, which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to enquire into the cause of my

my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing lyes to deceive them. But all this was soon put an end to by an accident, which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world: which was this. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town, that *Don Fernando* was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of surpassing beauty, and whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich, that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was *Lucinda*, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding.

Cardenio heard the name of *Lucinda*, but did nothing more than shrug up his shoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. *Dorothea* did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on, saying: This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarce forbear running out into the streets, crying out and publishing aloud, how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated, for the present, by a resolution I took, and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by one of those, who, in farmers houses, are called swains*, to whom I discovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy dwelt. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking, and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put up, in a pillow-case, a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and, in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our

* A kind of apprentice or journeyman farmer.

house, accompanied only by my servant and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot, the desire of getting thither adding wings to my flight, that, if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might, at least, demand of *Don Fernando*, with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where *Lucinda's* father lived; and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what had happened at the young lady's wedding; all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that, on the night *Don Fernando* was married to *Lucinda*, after she had pronounced the *Yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper written with *Lucinda's* own hand, in which she affirmed and declared, that she could not be wife to *Don Fernando*, because she was already *Cardenio's* (who, as the man told me, was a considerable cavalier of the same town) and that she had given her consent to *Don Fernando*, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand, that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so doing: all which, they say, was confirmed by a ponyard they found about her, in some part of her cloaths. *Don Fernando*, seeing all this, and concluding himself deluded, mocked, and despised by *Lucinda*, made at her, before she recovered from her fainting fit, and, with the same ponyard that was found, endeavoured to stab her; and had certainly done it, if her parents, and the rest of the company, had not prevented him. They said farther, that *Don Fernando* immediately absented himself, and that *Lucinda* did not come to herself 'till the next day, when she confessed to her parents, that she was really wife to the cavalier aforesaid. I learned moreover, it was rumoured that *Cardenio* was present at the ceremony,

ty, and that, seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of the town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong *Lucinda* had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk encreased, when it was known that *Lucinda* also was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use, in order to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find *Don Fernando*, than to have found him married, flattering myself, that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that, possibly, heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect, that he was a christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. All these things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor.

Being then in the town, without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find *Don Fernando*, I heard a public cryer promising a great reward to any one who should find me, telling my age, and describing the very garb I wore. And, as I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me: a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to say that I was gone off, but it must be added with whom, and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the cryer, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we got into the thickest of this mountain, for fear of being found. But, as it is commonly said, that one evil calls upon

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another,

another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befel me ; for my good servant, 'till then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him ; and, with little shame, and less fear of god, or respect to his mistress, began to make love to me ; but, finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside intreaties, by which, at first, he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour our righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner, that, with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. And then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprize and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design, than to hide myself here from my father and others, who, by his order, were in search after me. It is I know not how many months, since, with this design, I came hither, where I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him all this time as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solicitude were to no purpose ; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast, that had possessed my servant. But, as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more adviseable to leave him, and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech heaven, with sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state,
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and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life among these solitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of her's, has ministered matter to be talked of, and censured, in her own and in other countries.

C H A P. II.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion, with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.

THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy: see now, and judge, whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes: and the quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all counsel is in vain, since a remedy is no where to be found. All I desire of you is (what with ease you can and ought to do) that you would advise me where I may pass my life, without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those, who are searching after me; for, though I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents towards me for a kind reception, yet so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face under the thought, that they see mine estranged from that integrity, they had good reason to promise themselves from me.

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour, as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt in theirs no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel: but *Cardenio* prevented him, saying: It seems then, Madam, you are the

beautiful *Dorothea*, only daughter of the rich *Cleopardo*. *Dorothea* was surprized at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly *Cardenio* was apparelled: and she said to him; Pray, good Sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for, to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned his name in the whole series of the account of my misfortune. I am, answered *Cardenio*, that unfortunate person, whom, according to your relation, *Lucinda* owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy *Cardenio*, whom the base actions of him, who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see, to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, *Dorothea*, am he, who was an eye-witness of the wrong *Don Fernando* did me; he, who waited to hear the fatal *Yes*, by which *Lucinda* confirmed herself his wife. I am he, who had not the courage to stay, and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom: for my soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together; and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into *Lucinda's* own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life, which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you; and, as I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a better issue out of our misfortunes than we think. For, since *Lucinda* cannot marry *Don Fernando*, because she is mine, as she has publicly declared, nor *Don Fernando Lucinda*, because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope, that heaven will restore

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to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. And, since we have this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I intreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. For I swear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a christian, not to forsake you, till I see you in possession of *Don Fernando*, and, if I cannot, by fair means, persuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then to take the liberty, allowed me as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you, without reflecting on the injuries done to myself, the revenge of which I leave to heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth.

Dorothea was quite amazed at what *Cardenio* said, and, not knowing what thanks to return him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet, to have kissed them; but *Cardenio* would by no means suffer her. The licenciado answered for them both, and approved of *Cardenio's* generous resolution, and, above all things, besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and there consult how to find *Don Fernando*, or to carry back *Dorothea* to her parents, or do whatever they thought most expedient. *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent, and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He told them also, briefly, the cause that brought them thither, with the strange madness of *Don Quixote*, and that they were then waiting for his squire, who was gone to seek him. *Cardenio* hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had with *Don Quixote*, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At this instant they heard a voice, and, knowing it to be *Sancho Pança's*, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him; and asking him after *Don Quixote*, he told them, that he had found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady *Dulcinea*: and though he had told him, that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place, and repair to *Toboso*, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, till he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his master persisted in that humour, he would run a risque of never becoming an emperor, as in honour he was bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: therefore they should consider what was to be done to get him from that place. The licenciado bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

He then recounted to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* what they had contrived for *Don Quixote's* cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which *Dorothea* said, she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; and they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use, when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. Then there needs no more, quoth the priest, to put the design immediately in execution; for, doubtless, fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of. *Dorothea* presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and out of a casket, a necklace, and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner,

ner, that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home, to provide against what might happen; but till then she had had no occasion to make use of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the gaiety of her disposition, and her beauty; and they agreed, that *Don Fernando* must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he who admired most, was *Sancho Pança*, who thought (and it was really so) that, in all the days of his life, he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and therefore he earnestly desired the priest to tell him, who that extraordinary beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts? This beautiful lady, friend *Sancho*, answered the priest, is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all *Guinea*, that has brought this princess to seek him. Now, a happy seeking, and a happy finding, quoth *Sancho Pança*, and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whorson giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor licenciate, which is, that you would not let my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes: for I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my master should be an archbishop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children,

would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name. She is called, replied the priest, the princess *Micomicona*; for her kingdom being called *Micomicon*, it is clear she must be called so. There is no doubt of that, answered *Sancho*; for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as *Pedro de Alcala*, *John de Ubeda*, *Diego de Valladolid*; and, belike, it may be the custom, yonder in *Guinea*, for queens to take the names of their kingdoms. It is certainly so, said the priest; and, as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power. With which assurance *Sancho* rested as well satisfied, as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were riveted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself, that *Don Quixote* would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

By this time *Dorothea* had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard; and they bid *Sancho* shew them where *Don Quixote* was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licenciado or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest, nor *Cardenio*, would go with them; the latter, that he might not put *Don Quixote* in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: and therefore they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed *Dorothea* in her part; who said, they need give themselves no trouble about that, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered *Don Quixote*, by this time cloathed, but not armed: and as soon as *Dorothea* espied him, and was informed by *Sancho* that was his master, she whipped on her palfrey,

frey, being attended by the well-bearded barber; and, when she was come up to *Don Quixote*, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down *Dorothea* in his arms, who, alighting briskly, went and kneeled at *Don Quixote's* feet: and, though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner.

I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, till your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your puissant arm be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes. I will not answer you a word, fair lady, replied *Don Quixote*, nor will I hear a jot more of your business, till you arise from the ground. I will not arise, Signor, answered the afflicted damsel, if, by your courtesy, the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me. I do vouchsafe, and grant it you, answered *Don Quixote*, provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the keys of my heart and liberty. It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir, replied the doleful damsel. And, as she was saying this, *Sancho Pança* approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: Your worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she, who begs it, is the mighty princess *Micomicona*, queen of the great kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*. Let her be who she will, answered *Don Quixote*, I shall do what is my duty and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession: and, turning himself to the damsel, he said: Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask. Then, what I ask, said the damsel, is, that your magnanimous person will go with me, whither I will conduct you; and that you will

will promise me not to engage in any other adventure or demand whatever, till you have avenged me on a traitor, who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom. I repeat it, that I grant your request, answered *Don Quixote*; and therefore, lady, from this day forward you may shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits: for, by the help of god, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it; and therefore, all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay. The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but *Don Quixote*, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered *Sancho* to get *Roxinante* ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. *Sancho* took down the arms which were hung like a trophy on a tree, and, having got *Roxinante* ready, helped his master on with his armour in an instant: who, finding himself armed, said: Let us go hence, in god's name, to succour this great lady. The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing, and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device: and seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity *Don Quixote* prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up, and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they set her upon the mule. Immediately *Don Quixote* mounted *Roxinante*, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, *Sancho* remaining on foot; which renewed his grief for the loss of his *Dapple*: but he bore it chearfully, with the thought that his master was now in the ready road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of *Micomicon*; only he was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in the land of the *Negroes*, and that the people, who were

were to be his subjects, were all blacks : but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself ; What care I, if my subjects be blacks ? What have I to do, but to ship them off, and bring them over to *Spain*, where I may sell them for ready money ; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life ? No ! sleep on, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand *. Before god, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can : and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow : let me alone to lick my own fingers. With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this *Cardenio* and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies : but the priest, who was a grand schemist, soon hit upon an expedient ; which was, that, with a pair of scissars, which he carried in a case, he whipped off *Cardenio's* beard in an instant ; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet : and now *Cardenio* made so different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road ; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain ; and, when *Don Quixote* and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him : and, after he had stood a pretty while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud : In an happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the flower and

* Literally, *while one may say, give me those straws.*

cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant ! and, in saying this, he embraced *Don Quixote* by the knee of his left leg ; who, being amazed at what he saw and heard, let himself to consider him attentively : at length he knew him, and was surprized to see him, and made no small effort to alight ; but the priest would not suffer it : whereupon *Don Quixote* said ; Permit me, Signor licenciante, to alight ; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot. I will by no means consent to it, said the priest : let your greatness continue on horseback ; for on horseback you atchieve the greatest exploits and adventures, that our age hath beheld : as for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them ; and I shall fancy myself mounted on *Pegasus*, or on a *Cebra* *, or the sprightly courser bestrid by the famous *Moor Muxaraque*, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain *Zulema*, not far distant from the grand *Compluto* † : I did not think of that, dear Signor licenciante, said *Don Quixote* ; and I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule ; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double. I believe she will, answered the princess ; and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire ; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride. Very true, answered the barber ; and alighting in an instant, complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted of without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened, that, as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than an hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air, and, had they met with master *Nicholas's* breast or head, he would have given his coming for

* A swift beast of *Africa*, like a mule.

† An university of *Spain*, now *Alcala de Henares*.

Don

Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off : and, perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. *Don Quixote*, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said : As god shall save me, this is very wonderful ! no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth. The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master *Nicholas*, who still lay bemoaning himself ; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards, as they should soon see : and, when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well-bearded, and as whole, as before : at which *Don Quixote* marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm ; for he was of opinion, that it's virtue must extend farther than the fastening on of beards, since it was clear, that, where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and, since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things besides beards. It is so, said the priest, and promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed, that the priest should get up first, and that they should all three ride by turns, till they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, *Don Quixote*, the princess, and the priest ; and the other three on foot, to wit, *Gardenio*, the barber, and *Sancho Pança* ; *Don Quixote* said to the damsel : Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best. And, before she could reply, the licenciado said ; Towards what kingdom would your ladyship go ? towards that of *Micomicon*, I presume : for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms. She, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well she was to answer

Yes,

Yes, and therefore said; Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom. If it be so, said the priest, we must pass through our village, and from thence you must go straight to *Cartagena*, where you may take shipping in god's name; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake *Meona*, I mean *Meotis*, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this side of your highness's kingdom. You are mistaken, good sir, said she; for it is not two years since I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in *Spain*, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm. No more; cease your compliments, said *Don Quixote*, for I am an enemy to all sort of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that, whether I have valour, or not, what I have, or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life: and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire, that Signor the licenciado would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I am surprized at it. To this I shall answer briefly, replied the priest. Your worship, then, is to know, Signor *Don Quixote*, that I, and master *Nicholas*, our friend and barber, were going to *Sevil*, to recover some monies, which a relation of mine, who went away many years ago to the *Indies*, had sent me: and it was no inconsiderable sum; for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter: and passing yesterday thro' these parts, we were set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and, as for this youth here

(pointing

(pointing to *Cardenio*) you see how they have transformed his *. And the best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts, that the persons, who robbed us, were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty, near this very place, by a man so valiant, that, in spite of the commissary and all his guards, he let them all loose: and, without all doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority: he has, I say, disabled the gallies of their hands, and disturbed the many years repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul and his body, and get nothing by the bargain. *Sancho* had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, atchieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what *Don Quixote* would do, or say; whose colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own, that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. These, said the priest, were the persons that robbed us; and god of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved,

C H A P. III.

Which treats of the pleasant and ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight from the very rigorous penance he had imposed on himself.

SCARCE had the priest done speaking, when *Sancho* said: By my troth, signor licenciante, it was my master who did this feat; not but I gave him fair warning, and advised him to beware what he did, and that

* The priest had clipped off *Cardenio's* beard in haste.

it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the gallies for being most notorious villains. Blockhead, said *Don Quixote*, knights-errant have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to enquire, whether the afflicted, enchained and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me; and for the rest I care not: and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of signor the licenciado, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lyes like a base-born son of a whore: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner. This he said, settling himself in his stirrups, and clapping down the vizor of his helmet; for the barber's bason, which, in his account, was *Mambrino's* helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, 'till it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving *Don Quixote's* frenzy, and that every body, except *Sancho Pança*, turned him into ridicule, resolved not to be behind-hand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat, said to him, Sir knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent: therefore assuage your wrath; for if Signor the licenciado had known, that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship. I would so, I swear, quoth the priest, and even sooner have pulled off a *mustachio*. I will say no more, madam, said *Don Quixote*; and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and will go on peaceably and quietly, 'till I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But,
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in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what sort, are the persons, on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge. That I will do, with all my heart, answered *Dorothea*, if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes. Not at all, dear madam, answered *Don Quixote*. To which *Dorothea* replied; since it is so, pray favour me with your attention. She had no sooner said this, but *Cardenio* and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious *Dorothea* would invent. The same did *Sancho*, who was as much deceived about her as his master. And she, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following.

In the first place you must know, gentlemen, that my name is—— Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her; but he presently helped her out; for he knew what she stopped at, and said; It is no wonder, madam, that your grandeur should be disturbed, and in some confusion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of such a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who have forgotten that you are called the princess *Micomicona*, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*: and with this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate. You are in the right, answered the damsel, and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them.

My father, who was called *Tinacrio the wise*, was very learned in what they call art magic, and knew, by his science, that my mother, who was called queen *Xaramilla*, should die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he

he used to say, did not trouble him so much, as the certain foreknowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, almost bordering upon our kingdom, called *Pandafilands of the gloomy sight* (for it is averred, that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and this he does out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at :) I say, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in: but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him; though, as far as he could understand, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match: and in this he told the truth; for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge and unmeasurable. My father said also, that, after his death, when I should find *Pandafilands* begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was, freely to quit the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant, and immediately to set out, with a few attendants, for *Spain*, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be, *Don Acote*, or *Don Gigote*. *Don Quixote*, you would say, Madam, quoth *Sancho Pança*, or, as others call him, *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. You are in the right, said *Dorothea*. He said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and, that, on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles.

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire: Here, son *Sancho*, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king. Why would

would you pull off your cloaths, Sir? said *Dorothea*. To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of, answered *Don Quixote*. You need not strip, said *Sancho*; I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man. It is enough, said *Dorothea*; for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles; and whether it be on the shoulder, or the back-bone, imports little; it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father hit right in every thing, and I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Signor *Don Quixote*; for he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in *Spain*, but in all *la Mancha**: for I was hardly landed in *Ossuna*, before I heard so many exploits of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he must be the very person I came to seek. But, dear madam, how came you to land at *Ossuna*? answered *Don Quixote*, since it is no sea-port town. But, before *Dorothea* could reply, the priest, interposing, said; doubtless the princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at *Malaga*, the first place where she heard news of your worship, was *Ossuna*. That was my meaning, said *Dorothea*. It is very likely, quoth the priest; please your majesty to proceed. I have little more to add, replied *Dorothea*, but that, having, at last, had the good fortune to meet with Signor *Don Quixote*, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry

* This whimsical *Anti-climax* puts one in mind of the instances of that figure in the *Art of sinking in poetry*, especially this:

*Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders bath receiv'd our yoke.*

Pope's and Swift's Miscellanies, vol. iii. p. 57.

Shelton taking it (I suppose) for an error of the press, has put *Æthiopia* for *la Mancha*,

him;

him ; which shall be only where he may have a fight of *Pandafile* of the gloomy fight, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me : for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of the wise *Tinacrio*, my good father ; who, moreover, left it written in *Chaldean*, or *Greek* (for I cannot read them) that, if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person.

What think you now, friend *Sancho* ? quoth *Don Quixote* : do you not hear what passes ? did not I tell you so ? see whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry ? I swear it is so, quoth *Sancho*, and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as Signor *Pandafile*'s weason is cut. About it then : her majesty's a dainty bit ; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse. And so saying, he cut a couple of capers in the air, with signs of very great joy ; and presently, laying hold of the reins of *Dorothea*'s mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. Which of the by-standers could forbear laughing to see the madness of the master and the simplicity of the man ? In short, *Dorothea* held out her hand to him, and promised him to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when heaven should be so propitious, as to put her again in possession of it. *Sancho* returned her thanks in such expressions, as set the company again a laughing.

This, gentlemen, continued *Dorothea*, is my history : it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard ; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle ; so that the whole progress of my life is all miracle and mystery,

as

as you may have observed. And if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Signor the licenciado said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory. I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady, said *Don Quixote*, under the greatest that can befall me in your service; and so I again confirm the promise I have made you, and I swear to bear you company to the end of the world, till I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, with the help of god, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to *Gines de Passamonte*, who carried off my own*. This he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying; And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected to her — I say no more, it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix.

What *Don Quixote* said last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to *Sancho*, that, in a great fury, he said, raising his voice: I vow and swear, Signor *Don Quixote*, your worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is? Think you fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my lady *Dulcinea*, think you, more beautiful? No, indeed, not by half; nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a king, make me a marquis or a lord.

* It does not appear by the story, either that *Gines* took away *Don Quixote's* sword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

lieutenant,

lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest if he will. *Don Quixote*, hearing such blasphemies against his lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear it, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to *Sancho*, or giving him the least warning *, gave him two such blows, that he laid him flat on the ground ; and, had not *Dorothea* called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him there upon the spot. Think you, said he to him, after some pause, pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on your side, and pardoning on mine ? never think it, you excommunicated varlet ; for so you are without doubt, since you have dared to speak ill of the peerless *Dulcinea*. And do you not know, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea ? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, think you, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made you a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done) but the valour of *Dulcinea*, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits ? she fights in me, and overcomes in me ; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O whoreson villain ! what ingratitude, when you see yourself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised you ! *Sancho* was not so much hurt, but he heard all his master said to him ; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind *Dorothea's* palfrey, and from thence said to his master : Pray, Sir, tell me, if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me ? This is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady *Dulcinea* ; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the

* Literally, *without saying, this mouth is mine.*

matter

matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady *Dulcinea*. How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor! said *Don Quixote*: have you not just brought me a message from her? I say, I did not see her so leisurely, said *Sancho*, as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but she looks well enough at a blush. Now I excuse you, said *Don Quixote*, and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power. I have found it so, answered *Sancho*; and so, in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end. For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, take heed, *Sancho*, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well—I say no more. Well then, answered *Sancho*, god is in heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so. Let there be no more of this, said *Dorothea*; run, *Sancho*, and kiss your master's hand, and ask him forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that lady *Toboso*, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put your trust in god, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince. *Sancho* went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kissed it, *Don Quixote* gave *Sancho* his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence. *Sancho* did so; and, when they were got a little before the rest. *Don Quixote* said: Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and the answer you brought back; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news.

Ask me what questions you please, Sir, answered *Sancho* : I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But, I beseech your worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future. Why do you press that, *Sancho* ? quoth *Don Quixote*. Because, replied *Sancho*, the blows you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady *Dulcinea*, whom I love and reverence, like any relic (though she be not one) only as she belongs to your worship. No more of these discourses, *Sancho*, on your life, said *Don Quixote* ; for they offend me : I forgave you before, and you know the common saying, *For a new sin a new penance*.

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass ; and, when he came near, he seemed to be a gypsy : but *Sancho Pança*, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarce seen the man when he knew him to be *Gines de Passamonte*, and, by the clue of the gypsy, found the bottom of his ass : for it was really *Dapple*, upon which *Passamonte* rode ; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gypsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongues. *Sancho* saw and knew him, and scarce had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud ; Ah, rogue *Ginesillo*, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight ; fly, whoreson ; get you gone, thief, and relinquish what is not your own. There needed not so many words, nor so much railing : for, at the first word, *Gines* nimbly dismounted, and taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, he was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. *Sancho* ran to his *Dapple*, and embracing him, said ; how have you done, my dearest *Dapple*, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion ? and then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and

and caressed by *Sancho*, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his *Dapple*; especially *Don Quixote*, who assured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. *Sancho* thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest said to *Dorothea*, that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She said, she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said at a venture, that she landed at *Ossuna*. I found it was so, said the priest, and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lyes, only because they are dressed up in the stile and manner of the follies of his books? It is, indeed, said *Cardenio*, and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question whether there be any genius, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character *. There is another thing remarkable in it, said the priest, which is, that, setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding.

While the rest went on in this conversation, *Don Quixote* proceeded in his, and said to *Sancho*; friend

* Our translators have all mistaken the sense of this passage, and render it as if *Cardenio* meant to say, that the character of *Don Quixote* was so extraordinary a one, that, in his opinion, the most ingenious writer could not draw such ANOTHER. But this is low and flat, in comparison of *Cervantes's* true meaning, which, by exaggerating the difficulty of drawing the very character (not one like it) of *Don Quixote*, does, in the most ingenious and artful manner, insinuate his own skill and dexterity in hitting it.

Pança, let us forget what is past; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when did you find *Dulcinea*? what was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, enquiring after, or being satisfied in, inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction. Sir, answered *Sancho*, if I must tell the truth, no body transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all. It is as you say, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I found the pocket-book, I had written it in, two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back, as soon as you should miss it. So I should have done, answered *Sancho*, had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I related it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life. And have you it still by heart, *Sancho*? said *Don Quixote*. No, Sir, answered *Sancho*: for, after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of *the high and subterrane* (I mean *sovereign*) lady, and the conclusion, *thine, 'till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure*: and, between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes.

C H A P. IV.

Of the relishing conversation, which passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança, with other accidents.

ALL this does not displease me; go on, said *Don Quixote*. You arrived; and what was that queen of

of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight. No, I did not, answered *Sancho*; but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house. Then make account, said *Don Quixote*, that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort? It was neither, answered *Sancho*, but of the reddish kind. Be assured however, quoth *Don Quixote*, that when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread: but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? or what did she do? When I was going to give it her, answered *Sancho*, she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me: Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it 'till I have done winnowing all that is here. Discreet lady! said *Don Quixote*; this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, *Sancho*: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she enquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave not a tit-tle at the bottom of the ink-horn. She asked me nothing, said *Sancho*; but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards†, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, not combing your beard, weeping, and cursing your fortune. In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss, quoth *Don Quixote*: I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life,

* A mark of the profoundest respect.

† The author seems here to have forgot himself a little; for in the description of *Don Quixote's* penance (*book 3. ch. 11.*) we find him naked from the waist downwards; which occasioned *Sancho's* seeing what he should not have seen.

for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. So high indeed, answered *Sancho*, that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am. Why, how, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, have you measured with her? I measured thus, answered *Sancho*: as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span. If it be so, replied *Don Quixote*, does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind? But, *Sancho*, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a *Sabeen* odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover's shop *? All I can say is, quoth *Sancho*, that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking. It could not be so, answered *Don Quixote*: you must either have had a cold in your head, or have smelt your own self; for I very well knew the scent of that rose among thorns, that lilly of the valley, that liquid ~~valley~~ *amber*. All that may be, answered *Sancho*; for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my lady *Dulcinea*; but where's the wonder, that one devil should be like another? Well then, continued *Don Quixote*, she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter? The letter, quoth *Sancho*, she did not read, for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship, that she kissed your hands, and that she remained there with greater

* In *Italy* and *Spain*, gloves are usually perfumed.

desire

desire to see you, than to write to you; and therefore she humbly intreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set out immediately for *Toboso*, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. I asked her whether the *Biscainer* of t' other day had been there with her: she told me, he had, and that he was a very honest fellow*: I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them. All goes well, as yet, said *Don Quixote*. But tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and ancient custom among knights, and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewels on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news. Very likely, quoth *Sancho*, and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore; for, now a-days, the custom, I suppose, is, to give only a piece of bread and cheese: For that was what my lady *Dulcinea* gave me, over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's-milk. She is extremely generous; said *Don Quixote*; and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her: but sleeves are good after *Easter*†. I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights. But do you know, *Sancho*, what I am surprized at? it is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and *Toboso*, though it is more than thirty leagues from

* Here the author softens the satire upon the *Biscainers*.

† A proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable. The *Spaniards*, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter, 'till about *Easter*: but if the weather continues cold, sleeves may be proper after *Easter*.

hence thither : from whence I conclude, that the sage enchanter who has the superintendence of my affairs, and is my friend (for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant) I say, this same enchanter, must have assisted you in travelling without your perceiving it : for there are sages, who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed ; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour one another in their respective dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of *Armenia*, with some dreadful monster, or fierce spectre, or some other knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon the point of being killed ; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who just before was in *England* ; who succours him, and delivers him from death ; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who undertake the care of those valorous knights. So that, friend *Sancho*, I make no difficulty in believing, that you went and came, in so short time, between this place and *Toboso*, since, as I have already said, some sage our friend must have expedited your journey, without your being sensible of it. It may be so, quoth *Sancho* ; for, in good faith, *Roxinante* went like any gypsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears. With quicksilver ! said *Don Quixote*, ay, and with a legion of devils to-boot ; a sort of cattle that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired. But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me, about going to see her ? for, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find

find myself at present under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess, who is now with us; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. But what I propose to do, is, to travel fast, and get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, presently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun that enlightens my senses; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary; for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being her's. Ah! quoth *Sancho*, how is your worship concerned about trifles*? Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than *Portugal* and *Castile* together. For the love of god, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; and follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and, if there be none, here is our licenciate, who will do it richly. And, pray take notice, I

* The original is, *como vuestra merced lastimado de esos cascos*; in which there is some ambiguity: for, *casco* signifying both a bit of a broken pot, and a skull, it may be rendered, either how is your worship troubled about these bits of a broken pot, that is, these trifles! or, how is your worship disordered in your head! Our translators have chosen the last of these senses. But one would hardly expect *Sancho* should be so free with his master, after so late a drubbing for such sort of liberties; and therefore I have chosen the first, which agrees very well with what follows, as the reader will easily perceive.

am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you : for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard flying ; and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill. Look you, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire : for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be intitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please ; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it, but to yourself ? That is clear, answered *Sancho* : but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them, as I said before *. And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady *Dulcinea*, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business ; for, before god, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit. You are in the right, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and I take your advice as to going first with the princess, before I go to see *Dulcinea*. And be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon : for since *Dulcinea* is so reserved, that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them. If it be so, quoth *Sancho*, why does your worship send all these you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my lady *Dulcinea*, this being to give it under your hand, that you are in love with her ? If these persons must fall upon their

* *Sancho* had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his *Negroes*, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy. But this is no negligence in our author, but rather a fine stroke of humour, as it supposes *Sancho* so strongly possessed with the thought, that he does not distinguish whether he had said it to his master, or so himself only.

knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obedience to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret? How dull and foolish you are! said *Don Quixote*. You perceive not, *Sancho*, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For, you must know, that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good desires, than the honour of their being admitted into the number of her knights. I have heard it preached, quoth *Sancho*, that god is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though, for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me. The devil take you for a bumpkin, said *Don Quixote*; you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you have studied. And yet, by my faith, quoth *Sancho*, I cannot so much as read.

While they were thus talking, Master *Nicholas* called aloud to them to halt a little, for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard-by. *Don Quixote* stopped, much to the satisfaction of *Sancho*, who began to be tired of telling so many lyes, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for, though he knew *Dulcinea* was a farmer's daughter of *Toboso*, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile *Cardenio* had put on the cloaths, which *Dorothea* wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off*. They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a young stripling happened to pass by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to *Don Quixote*, and, embracing his legs,

* These must be the ragged apparel *Cardenio* wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak.

fell.

fell a weeping in good earnest, and said ; Ah ! dear Sir, does not your worship know me ? Consider me well : I am *Andres*, the lad, whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied. *Don Quixote* knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and said : To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men ; you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place, from which the voice seemed to come ; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see here (I am glad, in my soul, he is present ; for he will attest the truth of what I say) : I say, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward ; and a country fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle : and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said ; Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages. The master replied, with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son *Andres* ? and did not you observe with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him ? Answer ; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road. All that your worship has said is very true, answered the lad ; but the business ended quite otherwise, Sir, than you imagine. How otherwise, replied *Don Quixote* : did not the rustic instantly pay you ? He not only did not

not pay me, answered the boy, but, as soon as your worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any saint *Bartholomew*; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid me on in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come whither you was not called, nor intermeddled with other folks business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on your worship, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live. The mischief, said *Don Quixote*, was in my going away: I should not have stirred till I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, *Andres*, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly. That is true, quoth *Andres*; but it signified nothing. You shall see now whether it signifies, said *Don Quixote*: and so saying, he arose up very hastily, and ordered *Sancho* to bridle *Roxinante*, who was grazing while they were eating. *Dorothea* asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered, that he would go and find out the rustic, and chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay *Andres* to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the stipulation of the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, till he had accomplished her's; and,

and, since he could not but know this better than any body else, she intreated him to moderate his resentment till his return from her kingdom. You are in the right, answered *Don Quixote*, and *Andres* must, perforce, have patience till my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest till he is revenged and paid. I do not depend upon these oaths, said *Andres*: I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to *Sevil*, than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and god be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves as they have been to me. *Sancho* pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and, giving it to the lad, said to him; Here, brother *Andres*, we all have a share in your misfortune. Why, what share have you in it, said *Andres*. This piece of bread and cheese, which I give you, answered *Sancho*: god knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told. *Andres* laid hold on the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he said, at parting, to *Don Quixote*: For the love of god, signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour or assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will result from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of god light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world. *Don Quixote* was getting up to chastise him; but he fell a running so fast, that nobody offered to pursue him. *Don Quixote* was mightily abashed at *Andres's* story: and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CH A P.

C H A P. V.

Which treats of what befel Don Quixote's whole company in the inn.

THE notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread of *Sancho Pança*, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and *Martines*, seeing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* coming, went out to meet them, with signs of much joy; and he received them with a grave deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that, provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. *Don Quixote* said he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before: and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the barber, and, taking him by the beard, said; By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is tossed up and down; that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail. The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, till the licenciado bid him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell *Don Quixote*, that, being robbed by those thieves the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the princess's squire, they should tell him she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects, that she was coming, and bringing with her their common deliverer. With this the barber willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the appurtenances she had lent them, in order to *Don Quixote's*

etc's enlargement. All the folks in the inn were surprised, both at the beauty of *Dorothea*, and the comely personage of the shepherd *Cardenio*. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while *Don Quixote* was asleep, and they agreed not to wake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, and *Maritornes*, and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of *Don Quixote*, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befel him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether *Sancho* was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the priest happening to say, that the books of chivalry, which *Don Quixote* had read, had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: I cannot conceive how that can be; for really as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world, and I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter, during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, and above thirty of us place our selves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand heavy hairs: at least, I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night. I wish you did, quoth the hostess; for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for then you are so besotted, that you forget to scold for that time. It is true, said *Maritornes*, and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell

tell us that such a lady, and her knight, lie embracing each other under an orange-tree, and how a *Duenna* stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say, all this is pure honey. And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters? said the priest, addressing himself to the inn-keeper's daughter. I do not know, indeed, Sir, answered the girl: I listen too; and truly though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it: but I have no relish for those blows and slashes, which please my father so much; what I chiefly like, is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really, sometimes, they make me weep, out of the pity I have for them. You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman, said *Dorotha*, if they wept for you. I do not know what I should do, answered the girl; only I know, that several of those ladies are so cruel, that their knights call them tigers, and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at. Hold your tongue, hussy, said the hostess: methinks, you know a great deal of these matters; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, so much. When this gentleman asked me a civil question, replied the girl, I could do no less, sure, than answer him.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host, and, going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character. The first book he opened he found to be *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*, the next *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*, and the third the history

history of the grand captain *Gonçalo Hernandez of Cordoua*, with the life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned about to the barber, and said: We want here our friend's house-keeper and niece. Not at all, answered the barber; for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is indeed a very good fire. What, Sir, would you burn my books? said the inn-keeper. Only these two, said the priest, that of *Don Cirongilio*, and that of *Felixmarte*. What then, are my books heretical, or flegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them? *Schismatical*, you would say, friend, said the barber, and not *flegmatical*. It is true, replied the inn-keeper; but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the *Grand Captain*, and this of *Diego de Garcia*; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others. Dear brother, said the priest, these two books are great lyars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; and this of the *Grand Captain* is a true history, and contains the exploits of *Gonçalo Hernandez of Cordoua*, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the *Grand Captain*; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of *Truxillo* in *Esfremadura*, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a mill-wheel, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and, being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. And he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the *Hectors*, *Achilleses*, and *Orlandos*. Persuade my grandmother to that, quoth the inn-keeper; do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! before god your worship should have read, what I have read, concerning

Felixmarte.

Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with one back-stroke, cut afunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars*. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and, getting astride upon its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choaked, had no other remedy, but to let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they were got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray, say no more, Sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the *Grand Captain*, and for that *Diego Garcia* you speak of.

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to *Cardenio*: Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of *Don Quixote*. I think so too, answered *Cardenio*; for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise. Look you, brother, said the priest; there never was in the world such a man as *Felixmarte of*

* Children in *Spain*, we are told, make puppets resembling friars out of bean-cods by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

Hyrcania,

Hyrcania, nor *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention : for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of whileing away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them ; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it. To another dog with this bone, answered the host ; as if I did not know how many make five, nor where my own shoe pinches : do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap ; for, before god, I am no suckling. A good jest indeed, that your worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lyes and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council ; as if they were people that would allow the impressiion of such a pack of lyes, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted. I have already told you, friend, replied the priest, that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts : and as in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot work ; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons : but I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it ; and, in the mean while, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lyes, as you please ; and much good may do you with them, and god grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest *Don Quixote* does. Not so, answered the inn-keeper, I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant ; for I know very well that times are altered since

since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world.

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded, and very pensive, at what he heard said, that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were meer lyes and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and, if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The inn-keeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the priest said to him: Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character. The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and at the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all. To which the inn-keeper answered: Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness: but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person, who forgot and left behind him this cloak-bag with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, though I am an inn-keeper, thank god I am a christian. You are much in the right, friend, said the priest; nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it. With all my heart, answered the inn-keeper. While they two were thus talking, *Cardenio* had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it so as they might all hear it. I will, said the priest, if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading. It will be as well for me, said *Dorothea*, to pass the
the

the time in listening to some story ; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful. Well then, said the priest, I will read it, if it were but for curiosity ; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining. Master *Nicholas* and *Sancho* joined in the same request : on which the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said ; Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner.

C H A P. VI.

*In which is recited The Novel of the Curious Impertinent *.*

IN *Florence*, a rich and famous city of *Italy*, in the province called *Tuscany*, lived *Anselmo* and *Lothario*, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends, that all who knew them stiled them, by way of eminence and distinction, *the two friends*. They were both batchelors, young, of the same age, and of the same manners : all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true indeed, that *Anselmo* was somewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than *Lothario*, who was fonder of country sports ; but, upon occasion, *Anselmo* neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of *Lothario* ; and *Lothario* quitted his, to follow those of *Anselmo* : and thus their inclinations went hand in hand with such harmony, that no pendulum clock kept such exact time. *Anselmo* fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called *Camilla*, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved, (with the approbation of his friend *Lothario*, without whom he did nothing) to de-

* *Curioso Impertinente*. I have rendered this title (as all our translators have done) *verbatim* ; though, in strict propriety of speech, I think the novel ought to be intitled, *The impertinently Curious*, since it is certain the subject of it is, not *Anselmo's Curious impertinence*, but his *Impertinent curiosity*,

mand

mand her of her father in marriage ; which he accordingly did. It was *Lotbario*, who carried the message ; and it was he, who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and *Camilla* so satisfied with having obtained *Anselmo* for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to heaven, and to *Lotbario*, by whose means such great good fortune had befallen her. For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, *Lotbario* frequented his friend *Anselmo*'s house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power : but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, *Lotbario* began to remit the frequency of his visits to *Anselmo*, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends, when married, in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend*. *Anselmo* took notice of *Lotbario*'s remissness, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he suspected, that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it ; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of *the two friends*, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part ; and therefore he beseeched him (if such a term might be used between them) to return, and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore ; assuring him, that his wife *Camilla* had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have ; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprized to find him so shy. To all

* The *Spanish* and *Italian* husbands are more inclined to jealousy than those of any other nation.

these,

these, and many other reasons, which *Anselmo* urged to *Lotbario*, to persuade him to use his house as before, *Lotbario* replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that *Anselmo* rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that two days in a week, besides holidays, *Lotbario* should come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between them two, *Lotbario* resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that the married man; on whom heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what men he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that, which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public shews, or assemblies (things, which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a she-friend or relation, of whom we are most secure. *Lotbario** said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has at first for his wife makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, some things, the doing, or not doing, whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might easily be remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as *Lotbario* here seems to require? indeed I cannot tell, unless in *Lotbario* himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench †, cut short, and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be conscious to himself he was

* Both *Shelton* and *Motteux* have put this sentiment in *Anselmo's* mouth.

† The original is *decimar*, to decimate;

master

master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as *Camilla*; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected; and therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. And thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

Now it fell out one day, as they two were walking in a meadow without the city, *Anselmo* addressed *Lothario* in words to this effect. I know very well, friend *Lothario*, I can never be thankful enough to god for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me with so liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as *Camilla*; two jewels, which, if I value not as high as I ought, I value, at least, as high as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harrassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it, when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts: and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that, through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch, as my discontent has done by my own folly. *Lothario* was in great suspense at *Anselmo's* discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he

revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the truth: and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendship to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. It is very true, answered *Anselmo*; and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend *Lotbario*, that the thing which disquiets me is a desire to know, whether my wife *Camilla* be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited*: and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, nor to the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For, what thanks, said he, to a woman for being virtuous, when no body persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife *Camilla* may pass through these tryals, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to

* *Casta est, quam nemo rogavit. Ovid.*

say,

say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, *Who can find her?* And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend *Lotbario*, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if *Camilla* should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hid in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of.

This was what *Anselmo* said to *Lotbario*; to all which he was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips 'till his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly for some time, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: I cannot persuade myself, friend *Anselmo*, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have pre-

vented your tedious harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But no: I well know that you are *Anselmo*, and you know that I am *Lothario*: the mischief is, that I think you are not the *Anselmo* you used to be, and you must imagine I am not that *Lothario* I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, *Anselmo*; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that *Lothario* whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*; as much as to say, they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of god. If an heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, *Anselmo*, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable, as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend *Anselmo*, and have patience, and forbear answering 'till I have done urging what I have to say, as to what your desire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you. With all my heart, said *Anselmo*; say what you please.

Then *Lothario* went on saying: Methinks, O *Anselmo*, you are at this time in the same disposition that the

the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *if from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal.* And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must shew it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mis-spending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for at present I can give it no better name: and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously with you, nor will it consent that I should desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And that you may clearly see that it is so, say, *Anselmo*, have you not told me, that I must solicit her that is reserved, persuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that is disinterested, and court her that is prudent? yes, you have told me so. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since, when that is done, it will remain but in

the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from whence mischief is more likely to ensue, than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men; and especially when they are such as we are no way forced nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprize itself is down-right madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of god, of the world, or of both together: those, which are done for god's sake, are such as are enterprized by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those, which are taken in hand for love of the world, are done by those, who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called *the goods of fortune*: and those, which are undertaken for the sake of god and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, but, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths that await them. These are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniencies. But that, which you say you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from god, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured, than you are at present: and, if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that no body else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat the following stanza of the famous poet

Louis

Louis Tanfilo, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of saint Peter* *.

*When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
And, though by privacy secur'd from blame,
Saw his own guilt, and seeing dy'd with shame.
For generous minds, betray'd into a fault,
No witness want, but self-condemning thought :
To such the conscious earth alone and skies
Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.*

And therefore its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who, as the poet † relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent *Rinaldo* more wisely declined doing. And, though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood, and imitated. But I have still something more to say upon this subject ; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

Tell me, *Anselmo* ; if heaven, or good fortune, had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of whose goodness and beauty all the jewellers, who had seen it, were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare, that in weight, goodness, and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary ; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and by mere dint of blows, try whether it was so hard and so fine, as it was thought to be ? And further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resists so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value

* This poem, written originally in *Italian*, was translated into *Spanish* by *Juan Sedeno*, and into *French* by *Malherbe*.

† *Ariosto* in *Orlando Furioso*.

or reputation? and, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? Yes, certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Make account then, friend *Anselmo*, that *Camilla* is this exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and, should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame your self for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may, without hindrance, advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us, that the ermin is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards those places; and when the ermin comes to the dirt, it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermin, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve, it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermin: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her,

her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments: it is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored, but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers no body to walk among them, or touch any thing, but only at a distance, and through iron-rails, to enjoy its fragrantcy and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises another, who is father of a young maiden, to look well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reasons, gives these following:

I.

*If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the tryal lie;
Because perchance she may be so.*

II.

*Who that is wise such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?*

III.

*In this opinion all are sound,
And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.*

All that I have hitherto said, O *Anselmo*, relates only to you: it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth, into which you have run yourself, and out of which you

would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour : nor is this all ; you would have me take away yours. That you would rob me of mine is plain : for, when *Camilla* finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour, and base, since I attempt, and do, a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt : for *Camilla*, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion ; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured affects you as being her husband. And hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye, rather of contempt, than of pity. But I will tell you the reason, why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occasion to become such : and be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

When god created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise (as the holy scripture informs us) he infused a sleep into *Adam* ; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother *Eve* : and, when *Adam* awaked, and beheld her, he said ; *This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone*. And god said ; *For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh*. And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties, as death only can loose. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue, that it makes

makes two different persons to be but one flesh : nay, it doth more in the properly married ; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh ; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it : so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and those of the naughty wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it. Behold then, O *Anselmo*, the danger to which you expose yourself, in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider, through how vain and impertinent a curiosity, you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, pray look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune : for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive.

Here the virtuous and discreet *Lotbario* ceased, and *Anselmo* was so confounded and pensive, that, for some time, he could not answer him a word ; but at last he said : I have listened, friend *Lotbario*, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed ; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to : I see also and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion and adhering to my own, I fly the good, and pursue the evil. Yet this supposed, you must consider, that

that I labour under the infirmity, to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. And therefore some art must be made use of to cure me; and it may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court *Camilla*, though but coldly and feignedly, who cannot be so yielding and pliant, that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset; and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges you to undertake this business, which is, that, whereas I am determined, as I am, to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in *Camilla's* opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. And, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risque, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined.

Lotbario, perceiving *Anselmo's* fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reasons to offer, to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter, that, without giving *Camilla* any disturbance, *Anselmo* should rest satisfied: and therefore he returned for answer, that he desired he would not communicate his design to any other person whatever,
for

for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. *Anselmo* embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with *Camilla* alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her music, and write verses in her praise, and if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. *Lothario* consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what *Anselmo* imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to *Anselmo's* house, where they found *Camilla* waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had staid abroad longer that day than usual. *Lothario*, after some time, retired to his own house, and *Anselmo* remained in his, as contented as *Lothario* was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely out of this impertinent business. But that night he be-thought himself of a way how to deceive *Anselmo*, without offending *Camilla*: and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by *Camilla*, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to stay with *Camilla* while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in about an hour and half. *Camilla* prayed him not to go, and *Lothario* offered to bear him company: but it signified nothing with *Anselmo*; on the contrary, he importuned *Lothario* to stay and wait for him; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired *Camilla* to bear *Lothario* company 'till his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly *, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo

* The original is *supo tan bien fingir la necesidad, ó necesidad de su ausencia, &c.* that is, he knew so well how to feign the necessity,

Anselmo went away, and *Camilla* and *Lothario* remained by themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus *Lothario* found himself entered the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him, able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: think then, whether *Lothario* had not cause to fear. But the first thing he did, was, to lay his elbow on the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and begging *Camilla* to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little, till *Anselmo's* return. *Camilla* answered, that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch * than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in, and lie down there. *Lothario* excused himself, and slept where he was till *Anselmo's* return; who, finding *Camilla* retired to her chamber, and *Lothario* asleep, believed, that, as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he thought it long till *Lothario* awaked, that he might go out with him, and enquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. *Lothario* awaked, and they presently went out together, and *Anselmo* asked him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. *Lothario* answered, that he did not think it proper to open too far the first time, and therefore all he had done was, to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town rung of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as it might insinuate him into her good-will, and dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure: in which he employed the same artifice which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; who being, in reality, an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appear-

city, or rather folly of his absence, &c. but it being impossible to retain the gingle of *necessidad* and *necedad* in the translation, it was thought proper to give the sentence somewhat a different turn. Note, *Sbelton*, *Morteux*, &c. have quite omitted it.

* *Estrado*. A space of the visiting-rooms of ladies, raised a foot above the floor of the rest of the room, covered with carpets or mats, on which the ladies sit on cushions laid along by the wall, or low stools.

ances

ances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning. *Anselmo* was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day, without going abroad ; for he would so employ himself at home, that *Camilla* should never suspect his stratagem.

Now many days passed, and *Lothario*, though he spoke not a word to *Camilla* on the subject, told *Anselmo* that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least sign of any thing that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself ; on the contrary, that she threatened to tell her husband, if he did not quit his base design. It is very well, said *Anselmo*, hitherto *Camilla* has resisted words ; we must next see how she will resist works ; to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels by way of lure ; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well dressed and going fine : and if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble. *Lothario* answered, that since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new lye to invent : but, in fine, he resolved to tell him, that *Camilla* was as inflexible to presents and promises, as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain.

But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it, that *Anselmo*, having left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key hole, how they behaved themselves, and saw, that, in above half an hour, *Lothario* said not a word to *Camilla* ; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded, that all his friend had told him of *Camilla*'s answers were mere fiction and lyes. And, to try whether they were so or not,

not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling *Lothario* aside, asked him; what news he had for him, and what disposition he had found *Camilla* in? *Lothario* replied, that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily, that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. Ah! said *Anselmo*, *Lothario*, *Lothario*! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken a word to *Camilla*; whence I conclude that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire? *Anselmo* said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave *Lothario* abashed and confounded: who, thinking his honour touched by being caught in a lye, swore to *Anselmo*, that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell him no more lyes, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; which however he might save himself the trouble of doing; for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction, that there should be no room left for suspicion. *Anselmo* believed him; and, to give him an opportunity, more secure and less liable to surprize, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his, who lived in a village not far from the city. And, to excuse his departure to *Camilla*, he contrived that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy *Anselmo*! what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is it you are contriving? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse *Camilla* is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; no body disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours,

yours, and that of heaven. If then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain, or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since, in truth, it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Consider, that he, who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible, as a certain poet has better expressed it in these verses :

*In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.*

*But adverse fate and heav'n's decree
In this to baffle me are join'd,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.*

The next day *Anselmo* went to his friend's house in the country, telling *Camilla*, that, during his absence, *Lothario* would come to take care of his house, and dine with her; and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. *Camilla*, as a discreet and virtuous woman should, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him, how improper it was that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and if he did it, as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see, by experience, that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. *Anselmo* replied, it was his pleasure it should be so, and that she had nothing to do but to acquiesce and be obedient. *Camilla* said, she would, though much against her inclination. *Anselmo* went away, and the next day *Lothario* came to his house, where he was received by *Camilla* with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with *Lothario*, being constantly attended by her men and maid servants, especially by her own maid called *Leonela*, whom, as they

they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and, upon her marriage with *Anselmo*, had brought with her. *Lothario* said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so *Camilla* had directed; and farther *Leonela* had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side; but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters, of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours and that opportunity, to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders, but often left them alone, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless the modest presence of *Camilla*, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled *Lothario's* tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing *Lothario's* tongue redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty, of which *Camilla* was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. *Lothario* gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved: and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regards he had for *Anselmo*; and, a thousand times, he thought of withdrawing from the city, and going where *Anselmo* should never see him, nor he *Camilla*, more: but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him, to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on *Camilla*. He blamed himself when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad christian. He reasoned upon, and made comparison between, his own conduct, and that of *Anselmo*, and still concluded that *Anselmo's* folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity: and, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before god,

as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of *Camilla*, together with the opportunity, which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned *Lothario's* integrity. And, without regarding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of *Anselmo's* absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires, he began to solicit *Camilla*, with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that *Camilla* was astonished, and could only rise from her seat, and retire to her chamber, without answering a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, *Lothario's* hope was not withered : for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of *Camilla* ; who, having discovered in *Lothario* what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe, nor right, to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, as she accordingly did, to send that very night one of her servants, to *Anselmo* with a letter, wherein she wrote as follows.

C H A P. VII.

In which is continued The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

CAMILLA'S Letter to ANSELMO.

AN army, it is commonly said, makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governor ; but a young married woman, I say, makes a worse without her husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I leave yours without a guard : for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure, than

than upon any thing which concerns you : and since you are wise, I shall say no more, nor is it proper I should.

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that *Lothario* had begun the attack, and that *Camilla* must have received it according to his wish : and, overjoyed at this good news, he sent *Camilla* a verbal message, not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. *Camilla* was surprised at *Anselmo's* answer, which increased the perplexity she was under : for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents ; since in staying she hazarded her virtue, and in going she should act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length, she resolved upon that, which proved the worst for her ; which was, to stay, and not to shun *Lothario's* company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk ; and she already began to be sorry she had written what she did to her spouse, fearing lest he should think, *Lothario* must have observed some signs of lightness in her, which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But, conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in god, and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever *Lothario* should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse *Lothario* to *Anselmo*, when he should ask her the cause of her writing that letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than proper or beneficial, the next day she sat still, and heard what *Lothario* had to say to her ; who plyed her so warmly, that *Camilla's* firmness began to totter ; and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes, and prevent some indications of an amorous compassion, which the tears and arguments of *Lothario* had awakened in her breast. All this *Lothario* observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity which *Anselmo's* absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of the fortress. And therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty ; for there is nothing.

thing, which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself, when posted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that, though she had been made of brass, she must have fallen to the ground: *Lothario* wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew all *Camilla's* reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected, and most desired. She surrendered, even *Camilla* surrendered; and what wonder, when even *Lothario's* friendship could not stand its ground? A plain example, shewing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine succours are necessary to subdue such force, though human. *Leonela* alone was privy to her lady's frailty; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. *Lothario* would not acquaint *Camilla* with *Anselmo's* project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance, rather than out of choice.

A few days after, *Anselmo* returned home, and did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to *Lothario*, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and the one enquired what news concerning his life or death. The news I have for you, O friend *Anselmo*, said *Lothario*, is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and, when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as *Camilla* is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository, in which modesty, good-nature, and reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praise-worthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money: here it is; I had no occasion to make use of

of it ; for *Camilla's* integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, *Anselmo*, and make no farther trials ; and since you have safely passed the gulph of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel, which heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world : but make account, that you are arrived safe in port ; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by till you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted.

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with *Lothario's* words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement ; however he need not, for the future, ply her so close as he had done : all that he now desired of him, was, that he would write some verses in her praise under the name of *Gloris*, and he would seem to *Camilla* to think that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty : and, if *Lothario* did not care to be at the trouble of writing the verses himself, he would do it for him. There will be no need of that, said *Lothario* ; for the *Muses* are not so unpropitious to me, but that, now and then, they make me a visit. Tell you *Camilla* your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses ; which, if not so good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the best I can make. Thus agreed the impertinent and the treacherous friend. And *Anselmo*, being returned to his house, enquired of *Camilla*, what she wondered he had not already enquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. *Camilla* answered, that she then fancied *Lothario* looked at her a little more licentiously than when he was at home ; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own ; for *Lothario* had, of late, avoided seeing, and
being

being alone with her. *Anselmo* replied, that she might be very secure from that suspicion ; for, to his knowledge, *Lothario* was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of *Chloris* ; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering *Lothario's* virtue, and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not *Camilla* been beforehand advertised by *Lothario*, that this story of his love for *Chloris* was all a fiction, and that he had told it *Anselmo*, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the very praises of *Camilla*, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy : but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they three being together at table, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved *Chloris* ; for, since *Camilla* did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. Though she did know her, answered *Lothario*, I should have no reason to conceal what I have written ; for when a lover praises his mistress's beauty, and, at the same time, taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you, that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of *Chloris* ; and it is this.

S O N N E T.

*In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
 When others cares are hush'd in soft repose,
 The sad account of my neglected woes,
 To conscious heaven and Chloris I recite.
 And when the sun, with his returning light,
 Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
 With accents, such as sorrow only knows,
 My griefs to tell is all my poor delight.
 And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
 Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
 Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
 Returning night renews my sorrow's toil ;
 And though, from morn to night, I weep and moan,
 Nor heaven nor Chloris my complainings bear.*

Camilla

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but *Anselmo* more : he commended it, and said, the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. What then ! replied *Camilla*, are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth ? Not all they tell us as poets, answered *Lothario*, but as lovers ; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of, the truth. There is no doubt of that, replied *Anselmo*, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing *Lothario* said with *Camilla*, who was now become as indifferent to *Anselmo's* artifice, as she was in love with *Lothario*. Being therefore pleased with every thing that was his, and besides taking it for granted, that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true *Chloris*, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. I remember one, answered *Lothario* ; but I believe it is not so good as the former, or, to speak properly, less bad ; as you shall judge ; for it is this.

S O N N E T.

*I die, if not believ'd, 'tis sure I die,
 For e'er I cease to love and to adore,
 Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
 Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.
 When to the regions of obscurity
 I hence am banish'd, to enjoy no more
 Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
 Your image graven in my heart shall see.
 That relique, with a lover's generous pride,
 I treasure in my breast, the only source
 Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live.
 Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
 Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
 Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive.*

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first ; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour ; for when *Lotha-*

rio

who dishonoured him most, he then assured him his honour was safest. So that every step of the ladder *Camilla* descended toward the center of contempt, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and reputation.

Now it happened one day, that *Camilla*, being alone with her maid, said to her; I am ashamed, dear *Leonela*, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost *Lothario* more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon: I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him. Dear madam, answered *Leonela*, let not this trouble you; for there is nothing in it: the value of a gift, if it be good in it self, and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given; and therefore it is said, he who gives quickly gives twice. It is said also, quoth *Camilla*, that which costs little is less valued. This does not affect your case, answered *Leonela*; for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another: some he warms, and some he burns; some he wounds, and others he kills: in one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening has it surrendered to him; for no force is able to resist him. And, this being so, what are you afraid of, if this be the very case of *Lothario*, love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige us to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary for us to finish, in that interval, what love has decreed, without giving *Time* himself any time to bring back *Anselmo*, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect? for love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity: it is that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and, one day or other, madam, I may let you see, that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion nor

engage yourself so soon, but you had first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises and his presents, *Lothario's* whole soul; and in that, and all his accomplishments, how worthy *Lothario* was of your love. Then, since it is so, let not these scrupulous and childish thoughts disturb you, but rest assured, that *Lothario* esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one who possesses not only the four S's*, which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right, † amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the S's, as they say; lastly, true, valiant, and wise: the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour ‡. *Camilla* smiled at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love matters, than she had hitherto owned; and indeed now she confessed to *Camilla*, that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. At which *Camilla* was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger. And therefore she sifted her to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. She, with little shame, and much boldness, owned it had. For it is certain, that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. *Camilla* could do no more but beg of *Leonela* to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy, that it might not come to the know-

* As if we should say, *lightly, sprightly, sincere, and secret.*

† It was impossible here to translate the original exactly, it being necessary to use those words whose initial letters follow in an alphabetical order.

‡ This is something like that play in use among us; *I love my love with an A, because he is amorous, &c.*

ledge

ledge of *Anselmo* or of *Lothario*. *Leonela* answered, she would do so : but she kept her word in such a manner, as justified *Camilla*'s fears, that she might lose her reputation by her means. For the leud and bold *Leonela*, when she found, that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though she knew it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and leudness ; as was the case with *Camilla*. For, though she saw, not once only, but several times, that *Leonela* was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all could not hinder *Lothario* from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day ; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at first, it must be some apparition. But when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care and caution, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if *Camilla* had not remedied it. *Lothario* was so far from thinking, that the man, whom he had seen coming out of *Anselmo*'s house, at so unreasonable an hour, came thither upon *Leonela*'s account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as *Leonela* in the world. What he thought was, that *Camilla*, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another also : for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit, even with the man, to whose intreaties and persuasions she surrenders her honour ; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All *Lothario*'s good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion : for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, without more ado, "grown impatient," and blinded with

a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on *Camilla*, who had offended him in nothing, he went to *Anselmo* before he was up, and said to him: Know, *Anselmo*, that, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that *Camilla's* fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure; and, if I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was, to satisfy myself whether it was only some transient fancy of her's, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her, with your connivance, was in earnest. And I still believed, if she was what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would, before now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where *Camilla* used to entertain him)! And, since the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, *Camilla* may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest consideration, you may satisfy yourself as to what is most fitting for you to do. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry, and other moveables, may serve to conceal you; and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what *Camilla* intends; and if it be wickedness, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury.

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and astonished at *Lotbaria's* words, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them, for he already looked upon *Camilla* as victorious over *Lotbario's* feigned faults,

faults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said: *Lothario* you have done what I expected from your friendship: I must follow your advice in every thing: do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked-for an event requires. *Lothario* promised him he would; and scarce had he left him, when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on *Camilla* by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last, he resolved to discover all to *Camilla*; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone; and immediately, on his coming in, she said: Know, dear *Lothario*, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me in such a manner, that methinks it is ready to burst it, and, indeed, it is a wonder it does not; for *Leonela's* impudence is arrived to that pitch, that she, every night, entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her till day-light, so much to the prejudice of my reputation, that it will leave room for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours: and what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her: for her being in the secret of our correspondence puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal her's; and I am afraid of some unlucky event from this corner. At first, when *Camilla* said this, *Lothario* believed it a piece of cunning to mislead him, by persuading him that the man, he saw go out, was *Leonela's* gallant, and not *Camilla's*: but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said; and so was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired *Camilla* to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain *Leonela's* insolence. He also told her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated

him to tell *Anselmo*, how it was agreed that *Anselmo* should hide himself in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness, from thence, of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and desired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of so perplexed a labyrinth, as his rashness had involved them in. *Camilla* was astonished at hearing what *Lothario* said, and, with much resentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her; and, with many and discreet reasons, set before him the folly and inconsiderateness of the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready turn of wit, either for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them, when they set themselves purposely to deliberate; *Camilla* instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid *Lothario* see that *Anselmo* hid himself the next day where he had proposed; for by this very hiding she proposed to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear or surprize: and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired him, after *Anselmo* was posted, to be ready at *Leonela's* call, and that he should take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know that *Anselmo* was listening. *Lothario* insisted on her explaining to him her whole design, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all that he thought necessary. No other guard, said *Camilla*, is necessary, but only to answer me directly to what I shall ask you. For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into that design, which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

Lothario then left her, and the next day *Anselmo*, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went presently from home, but turned back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do; for *Camilla* and *Leonela* were out of the way on purpose. *Anselmo* being now hid, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one, who expected to see with his own eyes the

the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved *Camilla*; she and *Leonela* being secure and certain that *Anselmo* was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; and *Camilla* had scarce set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said; Ah, dear *Leonela*, would it not be better, before I put that in execution, which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take *Anselmo's* dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But do it not; for it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, what the bold and wanton eyes of *Lothario* saw in me, that could give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design, as that he has discovered to me, in contempt of his friend, and of my honour. Step to the window, *Leonela*, and call him; for, doubtless, he is waiting in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution. But first my cruel, but honourable, purpose shall be executed. Ah, dear madam! answered the cunning and well instructed *Leonela*, what is it you intend to do with this dagger? is it to take away your own life, or *Lothario's*? Which ever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble your wrong, than to let this wicked man now into the house while we are alone. Consider, madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and resolute; and as he comes blinded and big with his wicked purpose, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what will be worse for you, than taking away your life. A mischief take my master *Anselmo*, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But, pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead? What, child? answered *Camilla*; why, leave him here for *Anselmo* to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him, without more ado; for all the time I lose in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband.

All this *Anselmo* listened to, and his thoughts were continually changing at every word *Camilla* spoke. But when he understood that she intended to kill *Lothario*, he was inclined to prevent it by coming out and discovering himself, but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing however to come out time enough to prevent mischief. And now *Camilla* was taken with a fainting fit, and, throwing herself upon a bed that was there, *Leonela* began to weep bitterly, and to say: Ah, wo is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity; with other such expressions, that no body, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted *Penelope*. *Camilla* soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she came to herself, she said; Why do you not go, *Leonela*, and call the most faithful friend of all friends that the sun has seen, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I expect pass off in empty threatnings and curses. I am going to call him, said *Leonela*; but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing which might give those who love you cause to weep all their lives long. Go, dear *Leonela*, and fear not, said *Camilla*; I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and in your opinion, simple in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that *Lucretia* was, of whom it is said, that she killed herself, without having committed any fault, and without first killing him, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him, who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine.

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty, before she would go and call *Lothario*; but at last she went, and, while

while she was away, *Camilla*, as if she was talking to herself, said: Good god! would it not have been more adviseable to have dismissed *Lothario*, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and naught, though it be only for the short time I defer the undeceiving him? Without doubt, it would have been better; but I shall not be revenged, nor my husband's honour satisfied, if he gets off so clean, and so smoothly, from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprizes with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that *Camilla* not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person, who dared to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to *Anselmo*: but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country: and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to pure good nature, and a confidence in *Lothario*, which would not let him believe, that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days; nor should ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No certainly. Traitor avaunt! Come, vengeance! Let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him, whom heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw. And saying this, she walked up and down the room, with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

I 5

Anselmo

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras where he had hid himself, and was amazed at all, and already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that *Lothario* might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. And being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing *Leonela* return with *Lothario* by the hand; and, as soon as *Camilla* saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: Take notice, *Lothario*, of what I say to you: if you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or but come up to it, the moment I see you attempt it, I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand: but, before you answer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, *Lothario*, I desire you to tell me, whether you know *Anselmo* my husband, and in what estimation you hold him: And, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? Answer me to this, and be under no concern, nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you. *Lothario* was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant *Camilla* bid him hide *Anselmo*, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth; and therefore he answered *Camilla* in this manner. I did not imagine, fair *Camilla*, that you called me to answer to things so wide of the purpose, for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say, I do not answer to your questions, I reply, that I know your husband *Anselmo*, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him: you too I know, and

and prize you as highly as he does : for, were it not so, I should not, for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated through the tyranny of that enemy, love. If you acknowledge so much, replied *Camilla*, mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror, in which *Anselmo* looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him ? But ah ! unhappy me ! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourself ; it was doubtless some indiscretion of mine : for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies, which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is no body present, before whom, they think, they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires ? When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity ? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted ? But knowing, that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence : since, without doubt, some inadvertency of mine has nourished your hope so long : and therefore I will chastise, and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence deserves. And to convince you, that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I say again, that the suspicion I have, that some inadvertency of mine has occasioned such licentious thoughts in you, is what

what disturbs me the most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the vengeance of impartial justice strictly executed on him, who has reduced me to this desperate condition.

At these words she flew upon *Lothario*, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, and with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real; and he was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded by *Camilla*, who played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. For perceiving, or pretending, that she could not wound *Lothario*, she said: since fortune denies a compleat satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely: and so struggling to free her dagger-hand, held by *Lothario*, she got it loose, and, directing the point to a part, where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast near the left shoulder, and presently fell to the ground as in a swoon. *Leonela* and *Lothario* were in suspense, and astonished at such an accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw *Camilla* lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. *Lothario* ran hastily, frightened, and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slowness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh at the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair *Camilla*. And now, to act his part he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of *Camilla*, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass: and, knowing that his friend

Anselme



J. H. Vanderbank inv. & Del.

T. Chambers Sculp.

Anselmo listened, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done *Camilla* herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. *Leonela* took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beseeching *Lothario* to procure somebody to dress *Camilla*'s wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to *Anselmo* about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered, that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following: he bid her endeavour to staunch the blood; and, as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. And so, with a shew of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; and when he found himself alone, and in a place where no body saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration of the cunning of *Camilla*, and the suitable behaviour of *Leonela*. He considered what a thorough assurance *Anselmo* must have of his wife's being a second *Porcia*, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture and the truth, the most artfully disguised that can be imagined. *Leonela*, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make *Anselmo* believe, that he had in *Camilla* an image of chastity. To the words *Leonela* said *Camilla* added others, calling herself coward and poor-spirited, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should give an account of what had happened to her beloved spouse, or no. *Leonela* persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on *Lothario*, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and a good woman was obliged to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel; and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly

sibly could. *Camilla* replied, she approved of her opinion, and would follow it ; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to *Anselmo* about the wound, which he must needs see. To which *Leonela* answered, that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lye, though but in jest. Then, pr'ythee replied *Camilla*, how should I know how, who dare not invent, or stand in one, though my life were at stake ? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth, than that he should catch us in a false story. Be in no pain, madam, answered *Leonela* ; for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what we shall tell him ; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, good madam ; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder : and leave the rest to my care, and to that of heaven, which always favours honest designs.

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to, and beholding represented, the tragedy of the death of his honour ; which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend *Lothario*, and rejoice with him on the finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out ; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek *Lothario* ; and, having found him, it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on *Camilla*. All which *Lothario* hearkened to, without being able to shew any signs of joy ; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. And though *Anselmo* perceived that *Lothario* did not express any joy, he believed it was because *Camilla* was wounded, and he had been the occasion of it,

it. And therefore, among other things, he desired him to be in no pain about *Camilla*; for, without doubt, the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him: and, as he might depend upon it, there was nothing to be feared, he desired that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him, since, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness he could wish to arrive at; and, for himself he said, he would make it his pastime and amusement to write verses in praise of *Camilla*, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. *Lothario* applauded his good resolution, and said, that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice.

Anselmo now remained the man of the world the most agreeably deceived. He led home by the hand the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. *Camilla* received *Lothario* with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, 'till, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, 'till then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor *Anselmo* his life.

C H A P. VIII.

The conclusion of The Novel of the Curious Impertinent, with the dreadful battle betwixt Don Quixote and certain wine-skins.

TH E R E remained but little more of the *Novel* to be read, when from the room, where *Don Quixote* lay, *Sancho Pança* came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: Run, sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes ever beheld. As god shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the princess *Micomicona*, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip.

What

What say you, brother? quoth the priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the *Novel*, are you in your senses, *Sancho*? How the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off? At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and *Don Quixote* calling aloud, Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scymitar shall avail you nothing. And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. There is no need of your standing to listen, quoth *Sancho*; go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to god of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin*. I will be hanged, quoth the inn-keeper at this juncture, if *Don Quixote*, or *Don Devil*, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's-head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood: and so saying he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found *Don Quixote* in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which *Sancho* owed a grudge, and he very well knew why) and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words, as if he really had been fighting with some giant: and the best of it was, his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant: for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already

* In Spain they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, sheep, or other beast.

arrived

arrived at the kingdom of *Micomicon*, and already engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The inn-keeper, perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon *Don Quixote*, and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many cuffs, that, if *Cardenio* and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake, 'till the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soufed it all over his body at a dash; whereat *Don Quixote* awaked, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. *Dorothea*, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. *Sancho* was searching all about the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it said: Well, I see plainly, that every thing about this house is nothing but enchantment: for, the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body: and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain. What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to god and his saints! said the inn-keeper. Do you not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them! I know nothing, said *Sancho*; only that I shall be so unfortunate, that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water. Now *Sancho's* folly, though awake, was greater than his master's, asleep, so befotted was he with the promises he had made him. The inn-keeper lost all patience, to see the squire's flegm, and the knight's wicked handy-work, and swore they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him

him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the pierced skins.

The priest held *Don Quixote* by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess *Micomicona*, kneeled down before the priest, and said: High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt; and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of the most high god, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it. Did not I tell you so? quoth *Sancho*, hearing this; so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls*; my earldom is cock-sure. Who could forbear laughing at the absurdity of both master and man? They all laughed, except the inn-keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. But, at length, the barber, *Cardenio*, and the priest, with much ado, threw *Don Quixote* on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door to comfort *Sancho* for not finding the giant's head: though they had most to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away, with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (may evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing, for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and re-

*. In allusion to the joy of the mob in *Spain*, when they see the bulls coming.

turns.

turns it me with two penny worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine ! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape ; for, by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, or be my own father's daughter. The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath, and honest *Maritornes*, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho Pança*, telling him, that whenever it should really appear, that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith *Sancho* was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend upon it, that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle ; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. *Dorothea* said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain ; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel ; for he saw it wanted but little. *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, and the rest intreated him so to do ; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story, as follows.

Now so it was, that *Anselmo*, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of *Camilla*, lived with all the content and security in the world ; and *Camilla* purposely looked shy on *Lothario*, that *Anselmo* might think she rather hated than loved him : and *Lothario*, for farther security in his affair, begged *Anselmo* to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain the

the sight of him gave *Camilla* great uneasiness. But the deceived *Anselmo* would by no means comply with his request : and thus, by a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for *Leonela*, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on.

In short, one night *Anselmo* perceived somebody walking in *Leonela's* chamber, and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him ; which increased his desire of getting in ; and he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and, just as he entered, he saw a man leap down from the window into the street : and running hastily to stop him, or to see who he was, he could do neither ; for *Leonela* clung about him, crying, Dear sir, be calm, and be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out : he belongs to me ; in short, he is my husband. *Anselmo* would not believe *Leonela*, but, blind with rage, drew his ponyard, and offered to stab her, assuring her, that if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, with the fright, not knowing what she was saying, said : Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine. Tell me then quickly, said *Anselmo*, or you are a dead woman. At present, it is impossible, said *Leonela*, I am in such confusion : let me alone 'till to-morrow morning, and then you shall know from me what will amaze you : in the mean time be assured, that the person, who jumped out at the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage. With this *Anselmo* was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against *Camilla*, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure ; and so leaving the room, he locked *Leonela* in, telling her she should not stir from thence, 'till she had told him what she had to say to him. He went

vent immediately to *Camilla*, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether *Camilla* was disturbed or not : so great was the consternation she was in, that verily believing (as indeed it was very likely) that *Leonela* would tell *Anselmo* all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait till she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded : and that very night, when she found *Anselmo* was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels, and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house, and went to *Lotbario's*, to whom she recounted what had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her, where they might live secure from *Anselmo*. *Camilla* put *Lotbario* into such confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length, he bethought himself of carrying *Camilla* to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. *Camilla* consented, and *Lotbario* conveyed her thither with all the haste the case required, and left her in the monastery ; and he too presently left the city, without acquainting any body with his absence.

When it was day-break, *Anselmo*, without missing *Camilla* from his side, so impatient was he to know what *Leonela* had to tell him, got up, and went to the chamber, where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no *Leonela* there : he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down, and was gone off. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint *Camilla* with it ; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood astonished. He enquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for *Camilla*, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone ; and this gave him the first suspicion of his disgrace, and that *Leonela* was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, just as he then

then was, but half dressed, he went sad and pensive, to give an account of his disaster to his friend *Lothario*: but not finding him, and his servants telling him, that their master went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And, to complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of all his servants, man nor maid, but the house left alone and deserted. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself, in an instant, deprived of wife, friend, and servants; abandoned, as he thought, by the heaven that covered him, but, above all, robbed of his honour, since, in missing *Camilla*, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, got on horseback, and set forward with great oppression of spirits: and scarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs, and stayed there 'till almost night; about which time, he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and, having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in *Florence*? The strangest, replied the citizen, that has been heard these many days: for it is publicly talked, that last night *Lothario*, that great friend of *Anselmo* the rich, who lived at St. *John's*, carried off *Camilla*, wife to *Anselmo*, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid servant of *Camilla's*, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of *Anselmo's* house. In short, I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in admiration at this accident; for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great and entire friendship between them, which, it is said, was so remarkable, that they were stiled *The two Friends*. Pray, is it known, said *Anselmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* have taken? It is not, replied

lied the citizen, though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them. God be with you, said *Anselmo*: and with you also said the citizen, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced *Anselmo* almost to the losing not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. *Anselmo* begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he desired. And now, finding himself alone, he so overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end; and therefore resolved to leave behind him some account of his strange death: and, beginning to write, before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that sorrow, which was occasioned by his impertinent curiosity. The master of the house, finding it grow late, and that *Anselmo* did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indisposition increased, and found him with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went to him and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprized and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had befallen *Anselmo*: afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with *Anselmo's* own hand, wherein were these words.

A N S E L M O's Paper.

A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know, I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should:

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should: and since I was the contriver of my own dis-
honour, there is no reason why—

Thus far *Anselmo* wrote, by which it appeared, that at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; who had already heard of his misfortune, and of *Camilla's* retiring to a convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said, that though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil, 'till, not many days after, news being come of *Lothario's* being killed in a battle, fought about that time between *Monfieur de Lautrec*, and the great captain *Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordoua*, in the kingdom of *Naples*, whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat, she then took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all, sprung from indiscretion at the beginning.

I like this novel very well, said the priest; but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband so senseless, as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment, as *Anselmo* did: had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it: however, I am not displeased with the manner of telling it.

CH A P. IX.

*Which treats of other uncommon accidents that happened
in the inn.*

WHILE these things passed, the host, who stood at the inn-door, said: Here comes a goodly company of guests: if they stop here, we shall sing
Gaudeamus *.

Gaudeamus *. What folks are they? said *Cardenio*. Four men, answered the host, on horseback *a la Ginetta* †, with launces and targets, and black masks on their faces ‡; and with them a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two lads besides on foot. Are they near at hand? demanded the priest. So near, replied the inn-keeper, that they are already at the door. *Dorothea*, hearing this, veiled her face, and *Cardenio* went into *Don Quixote's* chamber; and scarcely had they done so, when the persons the host mentioned entered the yard, and the four horsemen, who, by their appearances, seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle: and one of them taking her in his arms, set her down in a chair, which stood at the door of the room into which *Cardenio* had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she, nor they, had taken off their masks, or spoken one word: only the lady, at sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick, and ready to faint away. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The priest seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the lads were, and enquired of one of them; who answered him: In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who these gentle-folks are; I can only tell you, they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took the lady down in his arms: I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and

* i. e. *O be joyful.*

† A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the *Spaniards* took from the *Arabians*, and is still used by all the *African* and eastern nations, with part of the northern, such as the *Hungarians*, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and, following, as it were, the blow, give more force to it.

‡ The original is *Antifaces*. *Antifaz* is a piece of thin black silk, which the *Spaniards* wear before their faces in travelling, not for disguise, but to keep off the dust and the sun. We have nothing equivalent to it in our language, and therefore are obliged to substitute the term *masks*, though it does not convey the strict and proper idea.

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directa.

directs. And the lady, pray who is she? demanded the priest. Neither can I tell that, replied the lacquey; for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey: I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart: and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them: for, having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as *Andalusia*, promising to pay us very well. And have you heard any of them called by their name? said the priest. No, indeed, answered the lad; for they all travel with so much silence, that you would wonder; and you hear nothing among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her: and whithersoever it is that she is going, we believe it must be against her will; and, by what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable: and, perhaps, because the being one does not proceed from her choice, she goes thus heavily. Very likely, quoth the priest, and, leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left *Dorothea*; who, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion, went to her, and said: What is the matter, dear madam? if it be any thing that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will. To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer; and, though *Dorothea* urged her still more, she persisted in her silence, 'till the cavalier in the mask, who, the servant said, was superior to the rest, came up, and said to *Dorothea*: Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lye from her mouth. No, said she, who hitherto had held her peace; on the contrary, it is for being so sincere, and so averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune: and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part.

Cardenio

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them; for *Don Quixote's* chamber-door only was between; and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: Good god! what is this I hear? What voice is this, which has reached my ears? The lady, all in surprize, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up, and was going into the room: which the cavalier perceiving, stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. With this perturbation, and her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though pale and full of horror: for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness, that she seemed distracted; at which *Dorothea*, and the rest, without knowing why she did so, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders, and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at last it did; and *Dorothea*, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person, who also held her, was her own husband, *Don Fernando*: and scarcely had she perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal *Oh!* she fell backward in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her vail, to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it, but *Don Fernando* (for it was he who held the other in his arms) knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her: nevertheless, he did not let go *Lucinda*, who was the lady that was struggling so hard to get from him; for she knew *Cardenio's* voice in his exclamations, and he knew her's. *Cardenio* heard also the *Oh*, which *Dorothea* gave when she fainted away; and believing it came from his *Lucinda*, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was *Don Fernando* holding *Lucinda* close in his arms. *Don Fernando* presently knew *Cardenio*; and all three, *Lucinda*, *Cardenio*,

denia, and *Dorothea*, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what passed. They all stood silent, and gazing on one another, *Dorothea* on *Don Fernando*, *Don Fernando* on *Cardenio*, *Cardenio* on *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* on *Cardenio*. But the first who broke silence was *Lucinda*, who addressed herself to *Don Fernando* in this manner: Suffer me, Signor *Don Fernando*, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your presents were able to separate me. Observe how heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then (since all farther attempts are vain) let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good-will into despite, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of, and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment.

By this time *Dorothea* was come to herself, and was listening to all that *Lucinda* said, whereby she came to find out who she was: but, seeing that *Don Fernando* did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any answer to what she said, she got up as well as she could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, she began to say thus.

If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun, you hold now eclipsed between your arms, had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen, that she, who lies prostrate at your feet, is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate *Dorothea*. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, did deign to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, 'till to the voice of your importunities, and seemingly

ingly sincere and real passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern, to see myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me to be yours, and would have it in such a manner, that, though now you would not have it to be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Behold, my lord, the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair *Lucinda's*, because you are mine; nor can she be yours, because she is *Cardenio's*. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit: and if this be so, as it really is, and if you are as much a christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last, as you did at first? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your vassal; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services, as good vassals to yours, do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue, and if you forfeit that, by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater ad-

vantages of nobility, than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add, that whether you will or no, I am your wife: witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be false; witness your hand-writing; and witness heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your joys, justifying this truth I have told you, and disturbing your most grateful pleasures and satisfactions.

These, and other reasons, did the afflicted *Dorothea* urge so feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who accompanied *Don Fernando*, and all who were present besides, sympathized with her. *Don Fernando* listened to her without answering a word, 'till she had put an end to what she had to say, and a beginning to so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass, which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. *Lucinda* was gazing at her with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty: and though she had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, she was prevented by *Don Fernando's* still holding her fast in his arms: who, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld *Dorothea* for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving *Lucinda* free, said: You have conquered, fair *Dorothea*, you have conquered; for there is no withstanding so many united truths.

Lucinda was so faint, when *Don Fernando* let her go, that she was just falling to the ground; but *Cardenio*, who was near her, and had placed himself behind *Don Fernando*, that he might not know him, now, laying aside all fear, and at all adventures, ran to support *Lucinda*; and, catching her between his arms, he said: If it pleases pitying heaven, that now at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful, and constant mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine. At these

these expressions *Lucinda* fixed her eyes on *Cardenio*; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being now assured that it was he by sight, almost beside herself, and without any regard to the forms of decency, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, she said to him: You, my dear *Cardenio*, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.

A strange sight this was to *Don Fernando*, and all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. *Dorothea* fancied that *Don Fernando* changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on *Cardenio*; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword; and no sooner did she perceive it, but she ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kissing them, she held him so fast that he could not stir; and her tears trickling down without intermission, she said to him: What is it you intend to do, my only refuge in this unexpected crisis? You have your wife at your feet, and she, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband: consider then, whether it be fit or possible for you to undo what heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For god's sake, and your own character's sake. I beseech you, that this publick declaration may be so far from encreasing your wrath, that it may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time heaven shall be pleased to allot them: and by this you will shew the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see, that reason sways more with you than appetite.

While *Dorothea* was saying this, *Cardenio*, though he held *Lucinda* between his arms, kept his eyes fixed

on *Don Fernando*, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion towards assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively, as well as he could, against all who should take part against him, though it should cost him his life. But now *Don Fernando's* friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest *Sancho Pança*, ran, and surrounded *Don Fernando*, intreating him to have regard to *Dorothea's* tears; and, as they verily believed she had said nothing but what was true, they begged of him, that he would not suffer her to be disappointed in her just expectations: they desired he would consider, that, not by chance, at it seemed, but by the particular providence of heaven, they had all met in a place, where one would least have imagined they should; and the priest put him in mind, that nothing but death could part *Lucinda* from *Cardenio*, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy: and that in a case, which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere good will, to enjoy that happiness, which heaven had already granted them: he desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of *Dorothea*, and see how few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him; but especially that he would remember, that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman, and a christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that, in so doing, he would please god, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand, that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him, who raises and equals it to himself: and that, when the strong dictates of appetite are complied with, provided there be no sin in the action, he ought not to be blamed, who yields to them. In short, to these they all added such
and

and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of *Don Fernando*, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted : and the proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was to stoop down, and embrace *Dorothea*, saying to her : Rise, dear madam ; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul : and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you, is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you : for the very same cause and motive, that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be yours : and, to shew you the truth of what I say, turn, and behold the eyes of the now satisfied *Lucinda*, and in them you will see an excuse for all my errors : and since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her *Cardenio* ; and I will beseech heaven, that I may do the like with my dear *Dorothea*. And saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to her's, with such tenderness of passion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with *Lucinda* and *Cardenio*, and almost all the rest of the company present ; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even *Sancho Pança* wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to see, that *Dorothea* was not, as he imagined, the queen *Micomicona*, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time ; and then *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* went, and kneeled before *Don Fernando*, thanking him for the favour, he had done them, in such terms of respect, that *Don*

Fernando knew not what to answer ; and so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy, and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired *Dorothea* to tell him how she came to that place so far from home ? She related, in few and discreet words, all she had before related to *Cardenio* ; with which *Don Fernando* and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which *Dorothea* recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, *Don Fernando* related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in *Lucinda*'s bosom, wherein she declared that she was wife to *Cardenio*, and could not be his. He said, that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him ; upon which he left the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time ; that, the following day, he heard that *Lucinda* was missing from her father's house, without any body's knowing whither she was gone ; in fine, that at the end of some months, he came to know that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with *Cardenio* ; and that, as soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she was, but did not speak to her, fearing, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded ; and so waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent, in search of *Lucinda*, whom they found in the cloysters talking to a nun ; and snatching her away, without giving her time for any thing, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off : all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He said, that, when *Lucinda* saw herself in his power, she fainted away. and that, when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep, and sigh, without speaking one word : and that in this manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that

that inn, which to him was arriving at heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is continued the History of the famous Infanta Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke; and that the fair princess *Micomicona* was turned into *Dorothea*, and the giant into *Don Fernando*, while his master lay in a sound sleep without troubling his head about what passed. *Dorothea* could not be sure, whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. *Cardenio* was in the same doubt; and *Lucinda* knew not what to think. *Don Fernando* gave thanks to heaven for the blessing bestowed on him in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their share of the good that had befallen them. But she who rejoiced most, and was most delighted, was the hostess, *Cardenio* and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damages sustained upon *Don Quixote's* account. *Sancho*, as has been said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person: and so with dismal looks he went in to his master, who was then awaked, to whom he said: Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already. I verily believe it is so, answered *Don Quixote*; for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life; and with one back stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood

blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water. As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say, answered *Sancho*: for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin; and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is — the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me. What is it you say, fool? replied *Don Quixote*; are you in your senses? Pray, get up, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and you will see what a fine spot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will see the queen converted into a private lady called *Dorotha*, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you. I shall wonder at nothing of all this, replied *Don Quixote*; for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it should be so now. I should believe so too, answered *Sancho*, if my being tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was not, but downright real and true; and I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here to-day alive, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and where it happens that we know persons, in my poor opinion, though simple and a sinner, it is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap. Well, god will remedy it, quoth *Don Quixote*; give me my cloaths, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of.

Sancho reached him his apparel, and, while he was dressing, the priest gave *Don Fernando* and the rest an account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the poor rock, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures, which *Sancho* had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness.

nels that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said farther, that, since madam *Dorothea's* good fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. *Cardenio* offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that *Lucinda* should personate *Dorothea*. No, said *Don Fernando*, it must not be so; for I would have *Dorothea* herself go on with her plot: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure. It is not above two days journey, said the priest. Though it were farther, said *Don Fernando*, I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work.

By this time *Don Quixote* sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; *Mambrino's* helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprized *Don Fernando* and his company, especially when they perceived his tawny and withered lanthorn-jaws*, his ill-matched armour, and the stiffness of his measured pace; and they stood silent to hear what he would say, when, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair *Dorothea*, he said: I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that from a queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade†, and that he is but little versed in histories of knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them as attentively, and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal less

* The expression is very bold in the original: *Su rostro de media legua de andadura*. i. e. his face of half a league's travelling.

† Literally, one half of the mass, the saying of which is one great part of the priestly office.

same

same than myself, have atchieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and — I say no more, lest I should be thought to lye; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we least think of it. It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant, quoth the inn-keeper: but *Don Fernando* commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt *Don Quixote's* discourse, who went on, saying: I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if for the cause aforesaid your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all; for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess's answer, who, knowing *Don Fernando's* inclination, that she should carry on the deceit, till *Don Quixote* was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity, answered him: Whoever told you, valourous knight of the sorrowful figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth: for I am the same to day that I was yesterday: it is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, to my heart's desire, have made some alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, sir, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify: what remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not

not go far : and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to god, and to the valour of your breast.

Thus spoke the discreet *Dorothea*, and *Don Quixote*, having heard her, turned to *Sancho*, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him : I tell you now, little *Sancho*, that you are the greatest little rascal in all *Spain*; tell me, thief, vagabond ; did you not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called *Dorothea* ; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore that bore thee ; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life ? I vow (and here he looked up to heaven, and gnashed his teeth) I have a great mind to make such a massacre of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world. Pray, dear sir, be pacified, answered *Sancho* ; for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess *Micomicona* ; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood's being but red wine, I am not deceived, as god liveth : for the skins yonder at your worship's bed's-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond : and if not, it will be seen in the frying of the eggs*, I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was ; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has. I tell you now, *Sancho*, you are a suckling ; forgive me, that's enough. It is enough, said *Don Fernando*, and let no more be said of this ; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, till to-morrow, when we

* When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness till they are broken. *Royal Diet.* Or, A thief stole a frying pan, and the woman, who owned it, meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away ; he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. *Pineda.*

will

will all bear Signor *Don Quixote* company : for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valourous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprize, which he has undertaken. It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company, answered *Don Quixote* ; and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me.

Many compliments, and many offers of service, passed between *Don Quixote* and *Don Fernando* : but all was put a stop to by a traveller, who just then entered the inn ; who by his garb seemed to be a christian newly come from among the *Moors* ; for he had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar : his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour : he had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a *Moorish* scymitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came cross his breast. There came immediately after him a woman mounted on an ass in a *Moorish* dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-set beard : in short, his mien, if he had been well dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality, and well born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to spare in the inn, he seemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a *Moor*, he took her down in his arms. *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, the landlady, her daughter, and *Maritornes* gathered about the *Moorish* lady, on account of the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before : and *Dorothea*, who was always obliging, complaisant, and discreet, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her : be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations ; it is what one must not expect to meet with in inns. And since it is so,

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if you please to take share with us (pointing to *Lucinda*), perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse entertainment. The unknown lady returned her no answer, but only, rising from her seat, and laying her hands across on her breast, she bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a *Moor*, and could not speak the christian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in, and, seeing that they were all standing about the woman that came with him, and that, whatever they said to her, she continued silent, he said: Ladies, this young woman understands scarce any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is, that she has not answered to any thing you may have asked her. Nothing has been asked her, answered *Lucinda*, but only whether she would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good will, which is due to all strangers that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex. Dear madam, answered the stranger, I kiss your hands for her and for myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time, and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great. Pray tell me, Signor, said *Dorothea*, is this lady a christian, or a *Moor*? for her habit and her silence make us think she is what we wish she were not. She is a *Moor*, answered the stranger, in her attire and in her body; but, in her soul, she is already very much a christian, having a very strong desire to become one. She is not yet baptized then? answered *Lucinda*. There has been no time for that yet, answered the stranger, since she left *Algiers*, her native country and place of abode, and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent, as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins; but I hope, if it please god, she shall soon be baptized with

with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine seem to denote.

This discourse gave all who heard him a desire to know who the *Moor* and the stranger were : but no body would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take some rest, than to be enquiring into their lives. *Dorothea* took her by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in *Arabic*, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so ; accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that *Dorothea* thought her handsomer than *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* than *Dorothea* ; and all the by-standers saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the *Moor* ; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in some things. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful *Moor*. *Don Fernando* asked of the stranger the *Moor's* name, who answered, *Lela Zoraida* ; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had enquired of the christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, No, not *Zoraida* ; *Maria, Maria*, letting them know her name was *Maria*, and not *Zoraida*. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. *Lucinda* embraced her very affectionately, saying to her : Yes, yes, *Maria, Maria* ; to whom the *Moor* answered : Yes, yes, *Maria, Zoraida macange* ; as much as to say, not *Zoraida*.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of *Don Fernando* and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get ; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper-end, and principal seat

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(though he would have declined it) to *Don Quixote*, who would needs have the lady *Micomicona* sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down *Lucinda* and *Zoraida*, and opposite to them *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear *Don Quixote*, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, spoke as follows. In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of *the sorrowful figure*, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profession exceeds all that have been ever invented by men, and so much the more honourable is it, by how much it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those, who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason they usually give, and which they lay the greatest stress upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs

designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's, or that of the warrior. And this may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each: for that intention is to be the most esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to heaven; for to an end so without end as this no other can be compared) I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that, which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news, the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds; *Glory be to god on high, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men*: and the salutation, which the best master of earth or heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that, when they entered into any house, they should say, *Peace be to this house*: and many other times he said; *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*. A jewel and legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest.

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner,

manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure, and he continued saying.

I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible: and when I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to shew his misery*; for he, who is poor, is destitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, and sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them going a *sopping*†. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some charitable person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and thread-bareness of their cloaths, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire; which being attained, we have seen many, who, having passed these *Syrtes*, these *Scyllas* and *Charybdis's*, buoyed-up as it were by favourable fortune, I say, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on

* It is very observable, how feelingly *Cervantes* here speaks of poverty.

† The author means the sops in porridge, given at the doors of the monasteries.

a mat to reposing in holland and damask : a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short of them, as I shall presently shew.

C H A P. XL

The continuation of Don Quixote's curious discourse upon arms and letters.

DON QUIXOTE, continuing his discourse, said: Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, and its several branches, let us see whether the foldier be richer. And we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait 'till night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniencies: and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many foot of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I say, suppose the day of battle come, and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which, perhaps has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen.

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And tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it? Doubtless, you must answer that there is no comparison between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those, who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures*. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who from the gown (I am loth to say the sleeves)† are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers: for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve: and this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons, which each party alledges on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters say, that, without them, arms could not subsist: for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land, and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion, which war carries along with it, while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power.

* *i. e.* Do not exceed hundreds.

† The original is, *porque de faldas (que no quiero decir de mangas)* &c. which I have rendered literally, because the author's meaning is not very obvious. Perhaps it might be translated, to the taste of an *English* reader, thus: *who from the lawyer's (or Judge's) gown (to say nothing of lawn-sleeves)* &c.

Besides,

Besides, it is past dispute, that what costs most the attaining, is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other such like inconveniencies, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier, costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a centinel in some ravelin or cavalier*, perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him: all that he can do, in such a case, is, to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine, and, in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; and though he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit the profound depths of *Neptune's* bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that nar-

* A mount raised on some work of a fortification, to command or overlook some rising ground, which the enemy might use to overlook that part of the fortification, where the cavalier is raised to prevent their using it.

row pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel : and what is most to be admired, is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise 'till the end of the world; when another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which enflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short, and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him, who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age, as this is in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But heaven's will be done: I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, by how much the perils, to which I expose myself, are greater than those, to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed.

Don Quixote made this long harangue, while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though *Sancho Pança* ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion, to see a man, who, to every body's thinking,

had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him, there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter and *Maritornes*, were preparing the chamber where *Don Quixote de la Mancha* lay, in which it was ordered that the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, *Don Fernando* desired the stranger to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with *Zoraida*. To which the stranger answered, that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. And he, finding himself courted by so many, said; there is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command: and therefore, pray be attentive, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones, though usually composed with the most curious and studied art. What he said made all the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows.

C H A P. XII.

Wherein the Captive relates his life and adventures.

IN a certain town in the mountains of *Leon* my lineage had its beginning, to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune: though amidst the penury of those parts my father passed for a rich man, and

and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days : for the army is a school, in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal ; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters, but very rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal : a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three sons, all of age sufficient to chuse our way of life : and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift, which was to rid himself of his riches, without which *Alexander* himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day calling us all three into a room by our selves, he spoke to us in this or the like manner.

My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say, you are my children ; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of my self to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to chuse for your selves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life, which may be for your honour and profit, when you are grown up. Now, what I have resolved upon, is, to divide what I possess into four parts : three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference ; and the fourth I will reserve, to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But, when each has the share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall propose. We have a proverb here in *Spain*, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, be-
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ing short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience ; and it is this : *The church, the sea, or the court* : as if one should say more plainly ; whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandizing, or serve the king in his court : for it is a saying, that *the king's bit is better than the lord's bounty*. I say this, because it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandize, and the third serve the king in his wars ; for it is difficult to get admision into his household ; and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed ; and then he bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for our selves, I concluded with assuring him I would do as he desired and take to the army, there to serve god and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the *Indies*, turning his portion into merchandize. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would take to the church, and pursue his studies at *Salamanca*.

As soon as we had agreed, and chose our several professions, my father embraced us all, and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats ; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready-money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the self same day we all took leave of our good father, and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father so old, and with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each a thousand ducats ; so that my father now had
four

four thousand in ready-money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. To be short, we took our leaves of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to *Salamanca*, the other to *Sevil*, and I to *Alicant*, where I heard of a *Genoese* ship that loaded wool there for *Genoa*. It is now two-and-twenty years since I left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at *Alicant*, and had a good passage to *Genoa*: from thence I went to *Milan*, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery; and from thence determined to go into the service in *Piedmont*: and being upon the road to *Alexandria de la Paglia*, I was informed that the great duke *D'Alva* was passing into *Flanders* with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts *D'Egmont* and *Horn*. I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of *Guadalajara*, called *Diego de Urbina*. And, soon after my arrival in *Flanders*, news came of the league concluded between pope *Pius V.* of happy memory, and *Spain*, against the common enemy, the *Turk*; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of *Cyprus*, which was before subject to the *Venetians*; a sad and unfortunate loss indeed to *Christendom*! It was known for certain, that the most serene *Don John* of *Austria*, natural brother of our good king *Philip*, was appointed generalissimo of this league, and great preparations for war were every where talked of. All which incited a vehement desire in me to be present in the battle that was expected;

and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into *Italy*. And my good fortune would have it, that *Don John of Austria* was just then come to *Genoa*, and was going to *Naples* to join the *Venetian* fleet, as he afterwards did at *Messina*. In short, I was present at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, rather by my good fortune, than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to *Christendom*; for all nations were then undeceived of their error in believing that the *Turks* were invincible by sea: on that day, I say, in which the *Ottoman* pride and haughtiness were broken; among so many happy persons as were there (for sure the christians, who died there, had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors) I alone remained unfortunate, since, instead of, what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the *Romans*, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus: *Uchali*, king of *Algiers*, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley * of *Malta*, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded; the captain-galley of *John Andrea D'Oria* came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me; and so I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many: in short, I was carried off prisoner, and sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, gentlemen, that *Uchali* escaped with his whole squadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful; and a slave, when so many were freed: for fifteen thousand christians, who were at the oar in

* The Gallies, are always commanded by a general and not an admiral.

the *Turkish* gallies, did that day recover their long-wished-for liberty. They carried me to *Constantinople*, where the Grand Signor *Selim* made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of *Malta*. The year following, which was *seventy-two*, I was at *Navarino*, rowing in the captain-galley of the *Three Lantborns*; and there I saw and observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole *Turkish* navy in port. For all the *Levantine*s and *Janizaries* on board took it for granted they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and passamaques (or shoes) in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement: such terror had our navy struck into them. But heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the sins of *Cbristendom*, and because god permits and ordains, that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In short, *Uchali* got into *Modon*, an island near *Navarino*, and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still till the season of the year forced *Don John* to return home. In this campaign, the galley, called the *Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair *Barbarossa*, was taken by the captain-galley of *Naples*, called the *She-wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, *Don Alvaro de Basan*, marquis of *Santa Cruz*. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the *Prize*.

The son of *Barbarossa* was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that, as soon as they, who were at the oar, saw that the *She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who stood near the poop*, calling

* Literally, on the *Estanterol*. The *Estanterol* is the pillar near the poop, on which is propt the awning of the poop, and is at the end of the path of communication between it and the prow, which

ling out to them to row hard; and, passing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such bites, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed to hell; such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

We returned to *Constantinople*, and the year following, which was *seventy-three*, it was known there that *Don John* had taken *Tunis* and that kingdom from the *Turks*, and put *Muley Hamet* in possession thereof, cutting off the hopes that *Muley Hamida* had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest, and yet bravest, *Moors* that ever was in the world. The grand *Turk* felt this loss very sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity, which is inherent in the *Ottoman* family, he clapped up a peace with the *Venetians*, who desired it more than he: and the year following, being that of *seventy-four*, he attacked the fortress of *Goleta*, and the fort, which *Don John* had left half-finished near *Tunis*. During all these transactions, I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption: at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the *Goleta* was lost, and the fort also; before which places the *Turks* had seventy-five thousand men in pay, besides above four hundred thousand *Moors* and *Arabs* from all parts of *Africa*: and this vast multitude was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the *Goleta* and the fort. The *Goleta*, till then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had now shewn, how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the *Turks* now met with none within two yards; and so, by the help

runs exactly along the middle of the galley, and is called in *Spanish* the *Cruxia*.

of

of a great number of sacks of sand, they raised their works so high as to overlook and command the fortifications ; and so levelling from a cavalier *, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the *Goleia*, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkment : but they, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For if there were scarce seven thousand soldiers in the *Goleia* and in the fort, how could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field, and garrison the forts, against such a multitude as that of the enemy ? And how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and besides, in their own country ? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that heaven did a particular grace and favour to *Spain*, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose, than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor *Charles the fifth* ; as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should keep it up. The fort also was taken at last : but the *Turks* were forced to purchase it inch by inch ; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general assaults. And of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded ; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by *Don John Zanoguera*, a cavalier of *Valencia*, and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner *Don Pedro Portocarrero*, general of *Goleia*, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress,

* See the note in page 240.

and took the loss of it so much to heart, that he died for grief on the way to *Constantinople*, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called *Gabrio Uerbellen*, a *Milanese* gentleman, a great engineer; and a most gallant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was *Pagan d'Oria*, knight of *Malta*, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother the famous *John Andrea d'Oria*: and what made his death the more lamented, was his dying by the hands of some *African Arabs*, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a *Moor*, to *Tabarca*, a small haven, or settlement, which the *Genoese* have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These *Arabs* cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the *Turkish* fleet, who made good upon them our *Castilian* proverb, that, *though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*: for it is said, the general ordered that those, who brought him the present, should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the christians who were taken in the fort, was one *Don Pedro d'Aguilar*, a native of some town in *Andalusia*, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts: in particular he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same master with me, and we served in the same galley, and at the same oar: and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon *Goleta*, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will be rather entertaining than disagreeable to you.

At the instant the captive named *Don Pedro d'Aguilar*, *Don Fernando* looked at his companions, and all three smiled; and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: Pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beseech you to tell me what became of that *Don Pedro d'Aguilar* you talk of? All I know, answered the captive, is, that, after he had been two years at *Constantinople*.

sinople, he went off in the habit of an *Arnaut**, with a *Greek* spy : and I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty ; though I believe he did : for, about a year after, I saw the *Greek* at *Constantinople*, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of that journey. Then I can tell you, said the gentleman ; for that *Don Pedro* is my brother, and is now in our town in health, and rich, is married, and has three children. Thanks be to god, said the captive, for the blessings bestowed on him ; for, in my opinion, there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty. Besides, replied the gentleman, I have by heart the sonnets my brother made. Then, pray, Sir, repeat them, said the captive ; for you will be able to do it better than I can. With all my heart, answered the gentleman : that upon *Goleta* was thus.

C H A P. XIII.

In which is continued the history of the captive:

S O N N E T.

O Happy souls, by death at length set free—
From the dark prison of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whose mem'ry never dies,
From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies !
What fury flood in every eye confess'd !
What generous ardour fir'd each manly breast !
Whilst slaughter'd heaps disdain'd the sandy shore,
And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
O'erpower'd by numbers, gloriously ye fell :
Death only could such matchless courage quell.
Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
Its fame the world, its glory heav'n bestows.

S O N N E T.

From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
And scatter'd clds that heap th' ensanguin'd ground,

* A Trooper of *Epirus*, *Dalmatia*, or some of the adjacent countries.

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*Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
To better regions took their happy flight.
Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
And fearless shed their unavailing blood;
Till to superior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal soil has ever been the tomb
Of slaughter'd heroes, bury'd in its womb:
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain.*

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, went on with his story, saying:

Goleta and the fort being delivered up, the *Turks* gave orders to dismantle *Goleta*: as for the fort, it was in such a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished. And to do the work more speedily, and with less labour, they undermined it in three places: it is true, they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the engineer *Fratin**, came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to *Constantinople* victorious and triumphant; and within a few months died my master the famous *Ucbali*, whom people called *Ucbali Fartax*, that is to say, in the *Turkish* language, *The scabby renegade*: for he was so; and it is customary among the *Turks* to nick-name people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. And the reason is, because there are but four surnames of families, which contend for nobility with the *Ottoman*; and the rest, as I have said, take names and surnames either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the grand Signor's, and at about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a *Turk* while he was at the oar, to qualify himself to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. And so great was his valour, that, without ri-

* *Fratin* signifies a little lay-brother. Probably the engineer was one, and therefore so called,

sing

sing by those base methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor usually rise, he came to be king of *Algiers*, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in *Calabria*, and was a good moral man, and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the grand Signor, who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased *, and the other among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a *Venetian* renegado, who having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by *Ucbali*, and was so beloved by him, that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegadoes that ever was seen: his name was *Axan-aga*. He grew very rich, and became king of *Algiers*; and with him I came from *Constantinople*, a little comforted by being so near *Spain*: not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in *Algiers*, than it had been in *Constantinople*, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed nor successful: and in *Algiers* I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired: for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived, and put in execution, did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable. Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a prison, or house, which the *Turks* call a bath, where they keep their christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king, as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom

* This is a mistake: for at that time the grand Signor was universal heir, and seized all, the children shifting for themselves the best they could, and the sons often becoming common soldiers; but they have since begun to preserve families. That of *Kuprogli*, which began some years after our author's death, and whose founder was a common *Arnaut*, has produced many great men for several succeeding generations.

they

they call of the *Almoxen*, that is to say, *captives of the council*, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for as they belong to the public, and have no particular master, there is no body for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these baths, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety, 'till their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless it be when their ransom is long in coming: for then, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest; which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; and though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen, and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain upon me, rather as a sign of ransom, than to secure me; and so I passed my life in the bath with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, distinguished and accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally, afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see at every turn the unparalleled and excessive cruelties, with which our master used the christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very *Turks* were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it; and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One *Spanish* foldier only, called such an one *de Saavedra* *, happened to be in his good graces; and though he did things, which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards ob-

* It is generally thought, that *Cervantes* means himself in this passage, it being certain that he was taken prisoner by the *Moor*, though, as to the particulars of his captivity, history is silent. See the *Life of Cervantes*, &c. by Don *Gregorio*, &c. 2. 12.

taining

taining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word: and for the least of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once: and, were it not that the time will not allow me, I would now tell you of some things done by this foldier, which would be more entertaining, and more surprizing, than the relation of my story.

But to return. The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house, belonging to a rich *Moor* of distinction, which, as is usual there, were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It fell out then, that one day, as I was upon a terras of our prison, with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves (for all the rest of the christians were gone out to work) by chance I looked up; and saw from out of one of those little windows, I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it: the cane moved up and down, as if it made signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do: but, as he came near, they advanced the cane, and moved it from side to side, as if they had said, *No*, with the head. The christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former: then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second: which I perceiving would not omit to try my fortune; and as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let drop, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at the corner of it I found ten *Zianiys*, a sort of base gold coin used by the *Moors*; each piece worth about ten reals* of our money. I need

* About an *English* crown.

not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize ; and indeed I was no less pleased, than surprized to think from whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me ; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly shewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my welcome money ; I broke the cane to pieces ; I returned to the terras ; I looked back at the window, and perceived a very white hand go out and in, to open and shut it hastily. Hereby we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman, who lived in that house, who had been thus charitable to us ; and, to express our thanks, we made our reverences after the *Moorish* fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast. Soon after there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was presently drawn in again. On this signal we concluded, that some christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness : but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then again we imagined it must be some christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them ; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth ; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as our north-pole, from whence that star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed, in which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever. And though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and, whether there was any christian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more, than that the house was that of a considerable and rich *Moor*, named *Agimorato*, who had been *Alcaide* of *Pata*, an office among them of great authority. But when we least dreamed of its raining any more *Zianiys* from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot, larger than the former ; and this was at a time when the bath, as before,

fore, was empty, and without people. We made the same tryal as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty *Spanish* crowns in gold, and a paper written in *Arabic*, and at the top of the writing was a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terras: we all made our reverences; the hand appeared again; I made signs that I would read the paper; the hand shut the window, and we all remained amazed, yet overjoyed at what had happened: and as none of us understood *Arabic*, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it. In short I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of *Murcia*, who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegadoes, when they have a mind to return to *Chriſtendom*, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegado is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the christians, and that he had a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good intention: others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only; for going to rob and plunder on the christian coasts, if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and pretend that those papers will shew the design they came upon, namely, to get into some christian country, which was the reason of their going a pirating with the *Turks*. By this means they escape the first fury, and reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to *Barbary*, and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure, and make use of those papers with a good design, and remain in the christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegado of this sort,

and

and had gotten certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible ; and if the *Moors* had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood *Arabic* very well, and could not only speak it, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at it, and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said, he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done he said : What is here set down in *Spanish*, is precisely what is contained in this *Moorish* paper ; and you must take notice, that where it says, *Lela Marien*, it means our lady the virgin *Mary*. We read the paper, which was as follow.

When I was a child, my father had a woman-servant, who instructed me in the christian religion, and told me many things of Lela Marien. This christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Ala ; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to a christian country to see Lela Marien, who loved me very much. I know not how it is : I have seen many christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am very beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please ; and if not, I shall not care ; for Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I write this myself : be careful to whom you give it to read : trust not to any Moor ; for they are all treacherous : therefore I am very much perplexed ; for I would not have you discover it to any body : for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane : tie your answer to it : and if you have no body that can write Arabic, tell me by signs ; for Lela Marien

Marien will make me understand you. She and Ala keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the aptive directed me to do.

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprized at the contents of this paper: and both our joy and surprize were so great, that the renegado perceived, that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us; and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty: and, saying this, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the god that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him: for he imagined, and almost divined, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was, to be restored to the bosom of holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegado said this with so many tears, and signs of so much repentance, that we unanimately agreed to tell him the truth of the case; and so we gave him an account of the whole, without concealing any thing from him. We shewed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and by that he marked the house, and resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed, it would be right to answer the Moor's billet; and, as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegado that instant wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circumstances, which beset me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. In short, the answer to the Moor was this.

The true Ala preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien, who is the true mother of god, and is she who has

has put into your heart the desire of going into a christian country ; for she loves you. Do you pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do ; for she is so good, she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you ; for the great Ala has given us a christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may without fear give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good christian, it shall be so ; and know that the christians keep their words better than the Moors. Ala and Marien his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady.

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days 'till the bath was empty, as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terras, to see if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I shewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it ; but it was already fastened to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and, in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop, and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns ; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us he had learned, that the same *Maor*, we were before informed of, dwelt in that house, and that his name was *Agimorato* ; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had ; that it was the general opinion of the whole city, that she was the beautifullest woman in all *Barbary* ; and that several of the viceroys, who had been sent thither, had sought
her

her to wife, but that she never would consent to marry: and he also learned, that she had a christian woman slave, who died some time before: all which agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegado, what method we should take to carry off the *Moorish* lady, and make our escape into *Christendom*: and in fine it was agreed for that time, that we should wait for a second letter from *Zoraida*; for that was the name of her, who now desires to be called *Maria*: for it was easy to see, that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties, that lay in our way. After we were come to this resolution, the renegado bid us not be uneasy; for he would set us at liberty, or lose his life. The bath, after this, was four days full of people, which occasioned the cane's not appearing in all that time; at the end of which, the bath being empty, as usual, it appeared with the handkerchief so pregnant, that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and an hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us it said thus.

I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have asked it of her. What may be done, is; I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold: redeem yourself and your friends therewith, and let one of you go to Christendom, and buy a bark, and return for the rest; and he will find me in my father's villa, at the Babazon-gate close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark. And remember you are to be my husband; for, if not, I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust no body to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a christian. Take care not to
mistake

mistake the villa ; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bath is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Ala preserve thee, dear Sir !

These were the contents of the second letter : which being heard by them all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself ; but the renegado opposed these offers, saying, he would in no wise consent, that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him, how ill men, when free, kept the promises they had made while in slavery ; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming some one to go to *Valencia* or *Majorca* with money, to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him, but have never come back : for liberty once regained, and the fear of losing it again, effaces out of the memory all obligations in the world. And, in confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case, which had happened very lately to certain christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprizing and wonderful things come to pass. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give him the money designed for the ransom of a christian, to buy a vessel there in *Algiers*, upon pretence of turning merchant and trading to *Tetuan* and on that coast, and that, being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive how to get them all out of the bath and put them on board. But if the *Moor*, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day : the greatest difficulty, he said, was, that the *Moors* do not allow any renegado to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go a pirating ; for they suspect, that he, who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a *Spaniard*, designs only to get into *Christendom* therewith : but this inconvenience, he said he would obviate, by taking in a *Taga-*
ris

rin * Moor for partner of the vessel, and in the profits of the merchandize : and under this colour he should become master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as done. Now though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to *Majorca*, as the *Moorish* lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him ; fearing, lest, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design, and put us in danger of losing our lives, in case he discovered *Zoraida's* correspondence, for whose life we would all have laid down our own : and therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of god, and those of the renegado. And in that instant we answered *Zoraida*, that we would do all that she had advised ; for she had directed as well as if *Lela Marien* herself had inspired her ; and that it depended entirely upon her, either that the business should be delayed, or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband : and so the next day, the bath happening to be clear, she at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper, wherein she said, that the first *Juma*, that is *Friday*, she was to go to her father's villa, and that, before she went, she would give us more money : and if that was not sufficient, she bid us let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired ; for her father had so much, that he would never miss it ; and besides she kept the keys of all. We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed my self, depositing the money with a merchant of *Valencia*, then at *Algiers*, who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me, that, the first ship that came from *Valencia*, my ransom should be paid. For if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect, that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In short, my master was so jealous, that I did not dare upon any account to pay the money immediately. The *Thursday*

* See the beginning of the next chapter.

preceding

preceding the *Friday*, on which the fair *Zoraida* was to go to the villa, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's villa, and by all means get an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in few words, that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to *Lela Marien*, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bath, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do any thing to the prejudice of *Zoraida*: for, though their being men of honour might have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, and so got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us: to whom nevertheless we did not discover our management and secret, because of the danger it would have exposed us to.

C H A P. XIV.

Wherein the captive still continues the story of his adventures.

IN less than fifteen days our renegado had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons; and to make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called *Sargel*, thirty leagues from *Algiers* towards *Oran*, to which there is a great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, in company of the *Tagarin* aforesaid. The *Moors* of *Arragon* are called in *Barbary* *Tagarins*, and those of *Granada* *Mudajares*; and in the kingdom of *Fez* the *Mudajares* are called *El-ches*, who are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. You must know, that, each time he passed with

with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek, not two bow-shot distant from the garden where *Zoraida* expected us: and there the renegado designedly set himself, together with the *Moors* that rowed, either to act the *çala* *, or to practise by way of jest what he intended to execute in earnest; and with this view he would go to *Zoraida's* garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him, without knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to *Zoraida*, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to *Christendom*, and that she might be easy and secure; but it was impossible for him to do it, the *Moorish* women never suffering themselves to be seen either by *Moor* or *Turk*, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers: christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was entrusted with a renegado. But god, who ordered it otherwise, gave the renegado no opportunity of effecting his good design: who finding how securely he went to and from *Sargel*, and that he lay at anchor, when, how, and where he pleased, and that the *Tagarin* his partner had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but to find some christians to help to row; he bid me consider, who I would bring with me, besides those already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first *Friday*; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve *Spaniards*, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected: and it was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out a pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them; and these had not been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galley to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said no-

* Some religious ceremony of the *Moors*.

thing more to them, but that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next *Friday* in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about *Agimorato's* garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, with this caution, that, if they should see any other christians there, they should only say, I ordered them to stay for me in that place. This point being taken care of, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all; which was to advertise *Zoraida* how matters stood, that she might be in readiness, and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted if we rushed upon her on a sudden, before the time she could think that the vessel from *Christendom* could be arrived. And therefore I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her: and, under pretence of gathering some herbs, one day before our departure, I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over *Barbary*, and even at *Constantinople*, is spoken among captives and *Moors*, and is neither *Morisco* nor *Castilian*, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood. He, I say, in that jargon, asked me, what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged? I answered him, I was a slave of *Arnaut Mami*, who, I knew, was a very great friend of his, and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a sallad. He then asked me, if I was upon ransom, or not, and how much my master demanded for me? While we were thus talking, the fair *Zoraida*, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house: and as the *Moorissh* women make no scruple of appearing before the christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walking slowly towards us, called to her, and bid her come on. It would be too hard a task for me to express now the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved *Zoraida* appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair,

hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ankles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two *Carcaxes* (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in *Morisco*) of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds, that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles; and those she wore on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good; for the greatest finery and magnificence of the *Moorish* women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed-pearls: and therefore there are more of that sort among the *Moors*, than among all other nations; and *Zoraida's* father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in *Algiers*, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand *Spanish* crowns; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments, she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known, that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents, which diminish, or increase it: nay, the very passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned, and extremely beautiful; to me at least she seemed the most so of any thing I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief. When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend *Arnaute Mamí*, and that I came to look for a fallad. She took up the discourse, and, in the afore said medley of languages, asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her I was already ransomed, and by the price she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred pieces of eight for me. To which she answered, Truly, had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum: for you christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be

poor, in order to cheat the *Moors*. It may very well be so, madam, answered I; but, in truth, I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world. And when go you away? said *Zoraida*. To-morrow, I believe, said I: for there is a *French* vessel, which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her. Would it not be better, replied *Zoraida*, to stay till some ships come from *Spain*, and go with them, and not with those of *France*, who are not your friends? No, madam, answered I; but should the news we have of a *Spanish* ship's coming suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow: for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great, that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better. You are married, doubtless, in your own country, said *Zoraida*, and therefore you are so desirous to be gone and be at home with your wife? No, replied I, I am not married; but I have given my word to marry, as soon as I get thither. And is the lady, whom you have promised, beautiful? said *Zoraida*. So beautiful, answered I, that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself. Her father laughed heartily at this, and said: Really, christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom: observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth. *Zoraida's* father served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, being best skilled in the *Lingua Franca*; for though she spoke that bastard language in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a *Moor* came running to us, saying aloud, that four *Turks* had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was put into a fright, and so was *Zoraida*: for the *Moors* are naturally afraid of the *Turks*, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the *Moors*, who are subject to them, that they treat them

them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore *Zoraida*'s father said to her : Daughter, retire into the house, and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs ; and you, christian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and *Ala* send you safe to your own country. I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the *Turks*, leaving me alone with *Zoraida*, who also made as if she was going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me, with her eyes full of tears, and said : *Amexi, Christiano, amexi ?* that is, *Are you going away, Christian ? are you going away ?* I answered ; Yes, madam, but not without you : expect me the next *Juma*, and be not frightened, when you see us ; for we shall certainly get to *Christiandom*. I said this in such a manner, that she understood me very well ; and, throwing her arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling toward the house : and fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if heaven had not ordained otherwise) that while we were going in that posture and manner I told you, her arm being about my neck, her father, returning from driving away the *Turks*, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he discovered us. But *Zoraida* had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but rather held me closer ; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, gave plain signs of fainting away : and I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her. But she not answering, he said : Without doubt these dogs have frightened her into a swoon : and, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. And she, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again ; *Amexi, Christiano, Amexi ; Be gone, Christian, be gone.* To which her father answered : It is no matter, child ; why should he go away ? he has done you no harm, and the *Turks* are gone off : let nothing fright you ; there is no danger ; for, as I have already told you, the *Turks*, at my

request, are returned by the way they came. Sir, said I to her father, they have frightened her, as you say; but, since she bid me be gone, I will not disturb her: god be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion, for herbs to this garden; for my master says there are no better for a salad any where than here. You may come whenever you will, answered *Agimorato*; for my daughter does not say this, as having been offended by you, or any other christian; but, instead of bidding the *Turks* be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs. I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been rent from her, went away with her father. And I, under pretence of gathering herbs, walked over and took a view of the whole garden at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, and the strength of the house, and every conveniency, which might tend to facilitate our business.

When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegado and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprize, I might enjoy the happiness, which fortune presented me in the beautiful *Zoraida*. In a word, time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came; and we all observing the order and method, which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, we had the desired success. For, the *Friday* following the day when I talked with *Zoraida* in the garden, *Morrenago* (for that was the renegado's name) at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost opposite to where *Zoraida* dwelt. The christians, who were to be employed at the oar, were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all in suspense, their hearts beating, and in expectation of my coming, being eager to surprize the bark, which lay before their eyes: for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegado, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the *Moors* who were on board the vessel. As soon therefore as I and my friends appeared,

appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city gates were shut, and no body appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first for *Zoraida*, or secure the *Moors*, who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegado came to us, asking us, what we staid for; for now was the time, all his *Moors* being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about, and he said, that the thing of the most importance was, first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without any manner of danger, and then we might presently go and fetch *Zoraida*. We all approved of what he said, and so without farther delay, he being our guide, we came to the vessel; and he, leaping in first, drew a cutlass, and said in *Morisco*: *Let not one man of you stir, unless he has a mind it should cost him his life.* By this time all the christians were got on board, and the *Moors*, who were timorous fellows, hearing the master speak thus, were in a great fright; and, without making any resistance (for indeed they had few or no arms) silently suffered themselves to be bound; which was done very expeditiously, the christians threatening the *Moors*, that if they raised any manner of cry, or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword. This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegado being still our leader, went to *Agimorato's* garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us, as if it had not been locked; and we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being perceived by any one. The lovely *Zoraida* was expecting us at a window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice, whether we were *Nazarani*, that is, christians? I answered, we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and opening the door, appeared to us all so beautiful,

and richly attired, that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it: the renegado did the same, and my two comrades also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgments to her, as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in *Morisco*, whether her father was in the house: she answered, he was, and asleep. Then we must awake him, replied the renegado, and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa. No, said she, my father must by no means be touched, and there is nothing considerable here but what I have with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content: stay a little, and you shall see. And so saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegado what she said: he told me, and I bid him be sure to do just as *Zoraida* would have him, who was now returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly lift it. Ill fortune would have it, that her father in the mean time happened to awake, and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window, and presently found there were christians in it. Immediately he cried out, as loud as he could, in *Arabic*, Christians, christians, thieves, thieves; which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegado, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the enterprize, before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where *Agimorato* was; and with him ran up several others of us: but I did not dare to quit *Zoraida*, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with *Agimorato*, having tied his hands, and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him, if he made the least noise, it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, that she might not see him, and her father was astonished at seeing her,

her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some cross accident. Scarce two hours of the night were passed, when we were now all got on board, and then we untied the hands of *Zoraida's* father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth: but the renegado warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any shew of opposition, or complaint, or coyness, lay so still and quiet: nevertheless he held his peace, lest we should put the renegado's threats in execution. *Zoraida* now finding herself in the bark, and that we began to handle our oars, and seeing her father there, and the rest of the *Moors*, who were bound, spoke to the renegado, to desire me to do her the favour to loose those *Moors*, and set her father at liberty; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see her father, who loved her so tenderly, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so: but he replied, it was not convenient; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country, and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape: but what might be done, was, to give them their liberty at the first christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and *Zoraida* also was satisfied, when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request. And then immediately, with joyful silence, and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and, recommending ourselves to god, with all our hearts, we began

to make towards the island of *Majorca*, which is the nearest christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of *Majorca*, and we were forced to keep along shore towards *Oran*, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of *Sargel*, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from *Algiers*. We were afraid likewise of meeting in our passage with some of those galleots, which come usually with merchandise from *Tetuan*; though, each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed, that, if we should meet a galleot, provided it were not a cruizer, we should be so far from being ruined, that we should probably take a vessel, wherein we might more securely pursue our voyage. While we proceeded in our voyage, *Zoraida* kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon *Lela Marien* to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles, when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three-musket-shot distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert, and without any creature to discover us: however, by mere dint of rowing, we made a little out to sea, which was by this time become more calm; and when we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered that they should row by turns*, whilst we took a little refreshment, the bark being well provided: but the rowers said, that it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but would eat and row, if those, who were unemployed, would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails, and lay down our oars, and steer directly to *Oran*, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expe-

* The original is *bogasse à quarteles*, i. e. every fourth man should row, whilst the rest took their ease, or were refreshing themselves,

dition :

dition : and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some cruizer. We gave the *Moorish* prisoners something to eat, and the renegado comforted them, telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity : and he said the same to *Zoraida's* father, who answered : I might, perhaps, expect or hope for any other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O christians ; but as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it ; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me, to restore it me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you by my ransom ; which do but name, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand, for myself, and for this my unhappy daughter, or else for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul. In saying this, he began to weep so bitterly, that it moved us all to compassion, and forced *Zoraida* to look up at him ; who, seeing him weep in that manner, was so melted, that she got up from me, and ran to embrace her father, and laying her face to his, they two began so tender a lamentation, that many of us could not forbear keeping them company. But when her father observed that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language : How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your ordinary and household undress, and now, without having had time to dress yourself, and without having received any joyful news, to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out ; I see you set off with the best cloaths that I could possibly find to give you, when fortune was more favourable to us ? Answer me to this ; for it holds me in greater suspense and admiration, than the misfortune itself, in which I am involved ? The renegado interpreted to us all that the *Moor* said to his daughter, who answered him not a word : but when he saw in a corner of the boat the little trunk, in which she used to keep her jewels, which
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he knew very well he had left in the town of *Algiers*, and had not brought with him to the villa, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it? To which the renegado, without staying till *Zoraida* spoke, answered; Trouble not yourself, Signor, about asking your daughter so many questions; for with one word I can satisfy them all: and therefore be it known to you, that she is a christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains, and give us the liberty we enjoy: she is here with her own consent, and well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, like one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory. Is this true, daughter? said the *Moor*. It is, answered *Zoraida*. In effect then, replied the old man, you are become a christian, and are she, who has put her father into the power of his enemies? To which *Zoraida* answered: I am indeed a christian; but not she, who has reduced you to this condition: for my inclination never was to forsake you, nor do you harm: my design was only to do myself good. And what good have you done yourself, my daughter? Ask that, answered she, of *Lela Mariem*, who can tell you better than I can.

The *Moor* had scarce heard this, when with incredible precipitation he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned, had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. *Zoraida* cried out, to save him, and we all presently ran, and, laying hold of his garment, dragged him out half drowned and senseless; at which sight *Zoraida* was so affected, that she set up a tender and sorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had been really dead. We turned him with his mouth downward, and he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars to avoid running upon the shore: but by good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or head, which by the *Moors* is called the cape of *Cava Rumia*, that is to say, in our language,
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The wicked christian woman; for the *Moors* have a tradition, that *Cava**, who occasioned the loss of *Spain*, lies buried there; *Cava* signifying in their language a wicked woman, and *Rumia*, a christian; and farther, they reckon it an ill omen to be forced to anchor there; and otherwise they never do so; though to us it proved, not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our ears: we eat of what the renegado had provided, and prayed to god and to our lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning. Order was given, at *Zoraida's* entreaty, to set her father on shore with the rest of the *Moors*, who 'till now had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook, to see her father, and her countrymen, carried off prisoners before her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain: heaven heard them; for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea was calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage. Seeing this, we unbound the *Moors*, and set them one by one on shore; at which they were greatly surprized: but, when we went to disembark *Zoraida's* father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said; Why, christians, think you, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? think you it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly: but it is, because of the disturbance my presence would give her, when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. And think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours: no, but because she knows, that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours. And turning to *Zoraida* (I and another christian holding him fast by both arms,

* Count *Julian's* daughter, the cause of bringing the *Moors* into *Spain*.

lest he should commit some outrage) he said : O infamous girl, and ill-advised maiden ! whither goest thou blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs our natural enemies ? Curfed be the hour, wherein I begat thee, and curfed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up ! But perceiving he was not likely to give over in hafte, I hurried him afhore, and from thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to *Mahomet* that he would beseech god to destroy, confound, and make an end of us : and when, being under fail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions ; which were, tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himself on the ground : and once he raised his voice so high, that we could hear him say : Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore ; for I forgive thee all : let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land, if thou forsakeft him. All this *Zoraida* heard ; all this she felt, and bewailed, but could not speak, nor answer him a word, only : May it please *Ala*, my dear father, that *Lela Marien*, who has been the cause of my turning christian, may comfort you in your affliction. *Ala* well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that these christians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them, since, though I had had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it had been impossible for me ; for my mind would not let me be at rest, till I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you, my dearest father, think it bad. This she said, when we were got so far off, that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted *Zoraida*, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of *Spain*.

But, as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our fortune would have

have it, or perhaps the curses the *Moor* bestowed on his daughter (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will) I say, it happened that, being now got far out to sea, and the third hour of the night well-nigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them; by the light of the moon, which shone very bright, we discovered a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little a-head of us, but so very near to us, that we were forced to strike sail to avoid running foul of her; and they also steered, and, as they called it, put the helm hard up, to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck, to ask, who we were, whither we were going, and from whence we came: but asking us in *French*, our renegado said; Let no one answer; for these without doubt are *French* corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net. Upon this caution no body spoke a word: and having sailed a little on, their vessel being under the wind, on a sudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, and both, as it appeared, with chain-shot; for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other at the same instant came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out the boat or pinnace, with about twelve *Frenchmen* in her, well armed with musquets, and their matches lighted, they came up close to us, and, seeing how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us that all this had befallen us because of our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegado took the trunk, in which was *Zoraida's* treasure, and, without being perceived by any one, threw it overboard into the sea. In short, we all passed into the *French* ship, where, after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and

Zoraida they stripped even of the bracelets she wore on her ankles : but the uneasiness they gave her gave me less than the apprehension I was in, lest they should proceed, from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to the depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time ; for they would have taken away the very cloaths we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them. Some of them were of opinion, it would be best to throw us all overboard, wrapped up in a sail : for their design was to trade in some of the *Spanish* ports, pretending to be of *Britany* ; and, should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear *Zoraida*, said, he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of *Spain*, but pass the *Streights of Gibraltar* by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for *Rochel*, from whence he came ; and therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make : which they did the next day in view of the *Spanish* coast ; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us ; so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty. It was about noon, when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water, and some biscuit ; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful *Zoraida*, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to strip her of these very cloaths she has now on.

We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and shewing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering toward the *Streights*, and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard, that we were, at sun-set, so near it, that we might easily,

fly, we thought, get thither before the night should be far spent : but the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon, we did not think it safe to land, as several among us would have had us, though it were among the rocks, and far from any town ; for by that means, they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of *Tetuan*, who are over-night in *Barbary*, and the next morning on the coast of *Spain*, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However it was agreed at last, that we should row gently towards the shore, and, if the sea proved calm, we should land wherever we could. We did so ; and, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore, but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand ; we all got on shore, and kissed the ground, and with tears of joy and satisfaction gave thanks to god for our late providential deliverance. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain ; and, though it was really so, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe, that the ground we were upon was christian ground. We thought the day would never come : at last we got to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or huts of shepherds ; but as far as ever we could see, neither habitation, nor person, nor path, nor road, could we discover at all. However we determined to go farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see some body, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most, was, to see *Zoraida* travel on foot through those craggy places ; for, though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more, than her own resting relieved her : and therefore she would not suffer me to take that pains any more ; and so went on with very great patience, and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had gone in this manner little less than a quarter
of

of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us ; and all of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot of a cork-tree, in great tranquillity and repose, shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet ; and, as we came to understand afterwards, the first who presented themselves to his sight being the renegado and *Zoraida*, he, seeing them in *Moorish* habits, thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him ; and, making toward the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as ever he could ; *Moors ! the Moors are landed : Moors, Moors ! arm, arm !* We, hearing this outcry, were confounded, and knew not what to do : but, considering that the shepherd's out-cries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed, that the renegado should strip off his *Turkish* habit, and put on a jerkin or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches ; and so, recommending ourselves to god, we went on the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast-guard would be upon us : nor were we deceived in our apprehension : for, in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop ; and, as soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the *Moors* they looked for, a company of poor christian captives, they were surprised, and one of them asked us whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country ? I answered we were ; and being about to acquaint him whence we came, and who we were, one of the christians, who came with us, knew the horseman who had asked us the question, and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he cried : God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country ; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory

ritory of *Velaz Malaga*, and, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us these questions, are *Pedro de Bustamante*, my uncle. Scarce had the christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying to him : Dear nephew of my soul and of my life, I know you ; and we have often bewailed your death, I, and my sister your mother, and all your kindred, who are still alive ; and god has been pleased to prolong their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in *Algiers*, and by the appearance of your dress, and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner. It is so, answered the young man, and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story. As soon as the horsemen understood that we were christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of *Velaz Malaga*, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and *Zoraida* rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They did not come to see captives freed, or *Moors* made slaves ; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other ; but they came to gaze at the beauty of *Zoraida*, which was at that time in its full perfection ; and what with walking, and the joy of being in *Christendom*, without the fear of being lost, such colours came into her face, that I dare say, if my affection did not then deceive me, there never was in the world a more beautiful creature ; at least none that I had ever seen.

We went directly to the church, to give god thanks for the mercy we had received, and *Zoraida*, at first entering, said, there were faces there very like that of *Lela Marien*. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as
if

if every one of them were really that very *Lela Marien*, who had spoke to her. She, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, presently understood what was told her concerning the images. After this they carried us, and lodged us in different houses of the town; but the christian, who came with us, took the renegado, *Zoraida*, and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and treated us with as much kindness, as they did their own son. We staid in *Velex* six days, at the end of which the renegado, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of *Granada*, there to be re-admitted, by means of the holy inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased: as for *Zoraida* and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only, which the courtesy of the *Frenchman* had bestowed on *Zoraida*; with part of which I bought this beast she rides on; and hitherto I have served her as a father and gentleman-usher, and not as an husband. We are going with design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself: though, considering that heaven has given me *Zoraida*, no other fortune could have befallen me, which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which *Zoraida* bears the inconveniencies poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a christian, is such and so great, that I am in admiration, and look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. But the delight I take in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed, by my not knowing whether I shall find any corner in my own country, wherein to shelter her, and whether time and death have not made such alterations, as to the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any body that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is my history: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part I can say, I would willingly have related

lated it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances, which were at my tongue's end.

C H A P. XV.

Which treats of what farther happened in the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

HERE the captive ended his story; to whom *Don Fernando* said: Truly, captain, the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such as equals the novelty and surprizingness of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which astonish and surprize those who hear them. And so great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that, though the story should have held till to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again. And, upon saying this, *Cardenio* and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. *Don Fernando*, in particular, offered him, that, if he would return with him, he would prevail with the marquis his brother to stand godfather at *Zoraida's* baptism, and that for his own part he would accommodate him in such a manner, that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person. The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night was come on, and about the dusk a coach arrived at the inn, with some men on horseback. They asked for a lodging. The hostess answered, there was not an inch of room in the whole inn but what was taken up. Though it be so, said one of the men on horseback, there must be room made for my lord judge here in the coach. At this name the hostess was troubled, and said; Sir, the truth is, I have no bed: but if his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter in
god's

god's name ; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour. Then let it be so, quoth the squire : but by this time there had already alighted out of the coach a man, who by his garb presently discovered the office and dignity he bore : for the long gown and tucked-up sleeves he had on shewed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, seemingly about sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so genteel, so beautiful, and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, inasmuch, that, had they not seen *Dorothea*, *Lucinda*, and *Zoraida*, who were in the inn, they would have believed that such another beautiful damsel could hardly have been found. *Don Quixote* was present at the coming-in of the judge and the young lady ; and so, as soon as he saw him, he said : Your worship may securely enter here, and walk about in this castle ; for though it be narrow and ill-accommodated, there is no narrowness nor incommodioufness in the world, which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise ; for here you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection. The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of *Don Quixote's*, whom he set himself to look at very earnestly, admiring no less at his figure than at his words : and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when he saw appear *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, and *Zoraida*, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her. But *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the priest complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. In fine, my lord judge entered, no less confounded at what he saw, than at what he heard ; and the beauties of the inn welcomed the

the fair stranger. In short the judge easily perceived, that all there were persons of distinction ; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of *Don Quixote* distracted him. After the usual civilities passed on all sides, and enquiry made into what conveniencies the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter, who was the young lady, should accompany those ladies ; which she did with all her heart. And with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with what the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, who from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother, asked one of the servants that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of ? The servant answered, that he was called the licenciado *John Perez de Viedma*, and that he had heard say, he was born in a town in the mountains of *Leon*. With this account, and with what he had seen, he was entirely confirmed in the opinion that this was that brother of his, who, by advice of his father, had applied himself to learning : and overjoyed and pleased herewith, he called aside *Don Fernando, Cardenio*, and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him, that he was going to the *Indies* in quality of judge of the courts of *Mexico*. He understood also, that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother died in child-bed of her, and that the judge was become very rich by her dowry, which came to him by his having this child by her. He asked their advice what way he should take to discover himself, or how he should first know, whether, after the discovery, his brother seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with bowels of affection. Leave it to me to make the experiment, said the priest, and the rather because there is no reason to doubt, Signor captain, but that you will be very well received : for the worth and prudence, which

which appear in your brother's looks, give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune. Nevertheless, said the captain, I would fain make myself known to him by some round-about way, and not suddenly and at unawares. I tell you, answered the priest, I will manage it after such a manner, that all parties shall be satisfied.

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down at table, excepting the captive, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the priest said : my lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in *Constantinople*, where I was a slave some years ; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the *Spanish* infantry ; but as unfortunate, as he was resolute and brave. And pray, Sir, what was this captain's name ? said the judge. He was called, answered the priest, *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, and he was born in a village in the mountains of *Leon*. He related to me a circumstance, which happened between his father, himself, and his two brethren, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by a fire-side in winter. For he told me, his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of *Cato*. And I can assure you, that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well, that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great virtue, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road of becoming a colonel very soon. But fortune proved adverse ; for where he might have expected to have her favour, he lost it, together with his liberty, in that glorious action, whereby so many recovered theirs ; I mean, in the battle of *Lepanto*. Mine I lost in *Goleta* ; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in *Constantinople*. From thence I came to *Algiers*, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befell him. The priest then went on, and recounted to him very briefly what had passed

passed between his brother and *Zoraida*. To all which the judge was so attentive, that never any judge was more so. The priest went no farther than that point, where the *French* stripped the christians that came in the bark, and the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful *Moor* were left: pretending that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in *Spain*, or were carried by the *Frenchmen* to *France*.

The captain stood at some distance, listening to all the priest said, and observed all the emotions of his brother; who, perceiving the priest had ended his story, fetching a deep sigh, and his eyes standing with water, said: O Sir, you know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly, that I am constrained to shew it by these tears, which flow from my eyes, in spite of all my discretion and reserve. That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution, and of more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms; which was one of the three ways proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you, when you thought he was telling you a fable. I applied myself to learning, which, by god's blessing on my industry, has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in *Peru*, so rich, that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality. I also have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, 'till I arrived at the rank, to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest son, and begging of god with incessant prayers, that death may not close his eyes, until he has once again beheld his son alive. And I wonder extremely, considering his discretion, how in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself; for had he, or any of us, known his case, he needed not to have waited

for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern is, to think, whether those *Frenchmen* have set him at liberty, or killed him, to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you, to deliver you from your troubles, though at the expence of my own repose. O! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive? though you were in the deepest dungeon of *Barbary*, his wealth, my brother's, and mine, would fetch you thence. O beautiful and bountiful *Zoraida*! who can repay the kindness you have done my brother? Who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight? These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all, who heard him, bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow.

The priest then, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense, and so rising from table, and going in where *Zoraida* was, he took her by the hand, and behind her came *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest would do; who, taking him also by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the judge and the rest of the company were, and said: My lord judge, cease your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire, since you have before your eyes your good brother, and your sister-in-law. He, whom you behold, is captain *Viedma*, and this the beautiful *Moor*, who did him so much good. The *Frenchmen* I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of shewing the liberality of your generous breast. The captain ran to embrace his brother, who set both his hands against the captain's breast, to look at him a little more asunder: but when he thoroughly knew

knew him, he embraced him so closely, shedding such melting tears of joy, that most of those present bore him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern they shewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, and much less written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection: now the judge embraced *Zoraida*, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her: now the beautiful christian and most beautiful *Moor* renewed the tears of all the company. Now *Don Quixote* stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. Now it was agreed that the captain and *Zoraida* should return with their brother to *Sevil*, and acquaint their father with his being found, and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptizing and nuptials of *Zoraida*, it being impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from *Sevil* for *New Spain* in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage. In fine, they were all satisfied and rejoiced at the captive's success, and, two parts of the night being well-nigh spent, they agreed to retire, and repose themselves during the remainder. *Don Quixote* offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty inclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. *Sancho Pança* alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which will cost him so dear, as you will be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could, *Don Quixote* sallied out of the inn, to stand centinel at the castle-gate, as he had promised.

It fell out then, that a little before-day, there reached the ladies ears a voice so tuneable and sweet, that it forced them all to listen attentively; especially *Dorothea* who lay awake, by whose side slept *Donna Clara de Viedma*, for so the judge's daughter was called. No body could imagine who the person was that sung so well, and it was a single voice without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and other times, that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, *Cardenio* came to the chamber door, and said: You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads that take care of the mules, who sings enchantingly. We hear him already, Sir, answered *Dorothea*. *Cardenio* then went away, and *Dorothea*, listening with the utmost attention, heard, that this was what he sung.

CHAP. XVI

Which treats of the agreeable history of the young milk-maid, with other strange accidents that happened in the inn.

S O N G.

A Mariner I am of love,
And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
And spy no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far
Than *Palinure* e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail: Like

*Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.*

*O lovely star, by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie.*

When the singer came to this point, *Dorothea* thought it would be wrong to let *Donna Clara* lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice ; and so, jogging her gently to and fro', she awaked her saying ; Pardon me, child, that I wake you ; for I do it, that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life. *Clara* awaked, quite sleepy, and at first did not understand what *Dorothea* had said to her : and having asked her, she repeated it ; whereupon *Clara* was attentive. But scarce had she heard two verses, which the singer was going on with, when she fell into so strange a trembling, as if some violent fit of a quartan ague had seized her ; and, clasping *Dorothea* close in her arms, she said to her : Ah ! dear lady of my soul and life, why did you awake me ? for the greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician. What is it you say, child ? pray take notice, we are told, he that sings is but a muleteer. Oh no, he is no such thing, replied *Clara* ; he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally. *Dorothea* was in admiration at the passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. And therefore she said to her : You speak in such a manner, miss *Clara*, that I cannot understand you : explain yourself farther, and tell me, what is it you say of heart and possessions, and of this musician, whose voice disturbs you so much. But say no more now ; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling ; for methinks he is beginning to sing again a new song, and a new tune. With all my heart, answered *Clara*, and

N 3

stopped

stopped both her ears with her hands, that she might not hear him ; at which *Dorothea* could not choose but admire very much ; and being attentive to what was sung, she found it was to this purpose.

S O N G.

*Sweet hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee disheartning fears give way :
Not ev'n thy death impending nigh
Thy dauntless courage can dismay.*

*No conquests bless, no laurels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who sinks repos'd in bed of down,
Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.*

*Love sells his precious glories dear,
And wast the purchase of his joys ;
Nor ought he set such treasures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.*

*Since perseverance gains the prize,
And cowards still successful prove,
Borne on the wings of hope I'll rise,
Nor fear to reach the heav'n of love.*

Here the voice ceased, and *Donna Clara* began to sigh afresh : all which fired *Dorothea's* curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. And therefore she again asked her, what it was she would have said a while ago. Then *Clara*, lest *Lucinda* should hear her, embracing *Dorothea*, put her mouth so close to *Dorothea's* ear, that she might speak securely, without being overheard, and said to her : The finger, dear madam, is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of *Arragon*, lord of two towns, who lived opposite to my father's house at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to school, saw me ; nor can I tell whether it was at church, or elsewhere : but, in short,

short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion, from the windows of his house, by so many signs and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, which he used to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad it might have been so, yet, being alone, and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to; and therefore I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window *, and give him a full view of me; at which he would be so transported, that one would think he would run stark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me; for I never had an opportunity to tell him. He fell sick, as far as I could learn, of grief, so that on the day we came away, I could not see him, to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at a door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed, that, had I not carried his image so deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both surprized and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me, either on the road, or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and considering that he comes on foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very

* The casements are made of canvas in winter, and of lattice in summer, like trap-doors, that, when they are set open, they may shade the room from the sun, or from the too glaring light of the day; for in those countries, though you may turn your back to the sun, your eyes cannot look up at the azure sky itself, without pain.

deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings, is of his own invention; for I have heard say he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over, and am in a fright, lest my father should come to know him, and so discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently, that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much: by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you.

Say no more, my dear *Clara*, said *Dorothea*, kissing her a thousand times; pray, say no more, and stay 'till to-morrow; for I hope in god so to manage your affair, that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves. Ah! madam, said *Donna Clara*, what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality, and so wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? and as to marrying without my father's consent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me: perhaps, by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though, I dare say, this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what forcery this is, nor which way this love possessed me, he and I being both so young; for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, 'till next *Michaelmas*. *Dorothea* could not forbear smiling, to hear how childishly *Donna Clara* talked, to whom she said; Let us try, madam, to rest the short remainder of the night; to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out.

Then they set themselves to rest, and there was a profound silence all over the inn: only the inn-keeper's daughter and her maid *Maritornes* did not sleep; who very well knowing *Don Quixote's* peccant humour,
and

and that he was standing without doors, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime, by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole then this pair of demi-lasses planted themselves, and perceiving that *Don Quixote* was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone: O my dear lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty; lastly, the idea and exemplar of all that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world! and what may your ladyship be now doing? Are you, peradventure, thinking of your captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for your sake? O thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her: perhaps you are now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake; or perhaps considering, what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and lastly, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness your steeds, to come abroad early, and visit my mistress, I entreat you, as soon as you see her, salute her in my name: but beware, when you see and salute her, that you do not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of you, than you were of that swift ingrate, who made you sweat, and run so fast over the plains of *Theffaly*, or along the banks of *Penens* (for I do not well remember over which of them you ran at that time) so jealous, and so enamoured.

N 5

Thus

Thus far *Don Quixote* had proceeded in his piteous lamentation, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say; Dear Sir, pray, come a little this way, if you please. At which signal and voice *Don Quixote* turned about his head, and perceived, by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that some body called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be: and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was returned to court him again: and with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he wheeled *Roxinante* about, and came up to the hole; and, as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and gentleness deserve: yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful: and if, through the passion you have for me, you can find any thing else in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray, command it; for I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of *Medusa's* hair, which was all snakes, or even the sun-beams enclosed in a viol. Sir, quoth *Maritornes*, my lady wants nothing of all this. What is it then your lady wants, discreet *Duenna*? answered *Don Quixote*. Only one of your beautiful hands, quoth *Maritornes*, whereby partly to satisfy that longing, which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears. I would

would fain see that, answered *Don Quixote* : he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter. *Maritornes* made no doubt but *Don Quixote* would give his hand, as they had desired, and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of *Sancho Pança's* ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as *Don Quixote* had got upon *Roxinante's* saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood, and said, at giving her his hand ; Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastizer of the evil-doers of the world : take, I say, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, and the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm, which has such a hand. We shall soon see that, quoth *Maritornes* ; and, making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. *Don Quixote*, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said ; You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand : pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you ; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part : consider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate. But no-body heard a word of all this discourse ; for, as soon as *Maritornes* had tied *Don Quixote* up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on *Roxinante*, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread, that, if *Roxinante* stirred ever so little one way or other, he must

must remain hanging by the arm: and therefore he durst not make the least motion; though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of *Roxinante*, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, *Don Quixote*, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted *Meor* of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since, having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time; it being a rule with knights-errant, that when they have once tried an adventure and could not accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for some body else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself: but he was so fast tied, that all his efforts were in vain. It is true indeed, he pulled gently, lest *Roxinante* should stir; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have far down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for *Amadis's* sword, against which no enchantment had any power; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Then he called upon his good squire *Sancho Pança*, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pannel, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him. Then he invoked the fages *Lirgandeo* and *Alquist*, to help him: then he called upon his special friend *Urganda*, to assist him: lastly, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect, that the day would bring him any relief; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal: and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing *Roxinante* budged not at all; and he verily thought, that himself

himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, 'till that evil influence of the stars was overpast, or 'till some sage necromancer should disenchant him. But he was much mistaken in his belief: for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutered, with carabines hanging at the pummels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard: which *Don Quixote* perceiving, from the place where he still stood centinel, he cried out with an arrogant and loud voice: Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that, at such hours they, who are within, are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortrefs, 'till the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon: get you farther off, and stay 'till the clear day-light, and then we shall see whether it is fit to open to you or no. What the devil of a fortrefs or castle is this, quoth one of them, to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? if you are the inn-keeper, make some body open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, for we are in haste. Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper? answered *Don Quixote*. I know not what you look like, answered the other; but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle. It is a castle, replied *Don Quixote*, and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons, who have had scepters in their hands, and crowns on their heads. You had better have said the very reverse, quoth the traveller; the scepter on the head, and the crown in the hand: but, perhaps, some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and scepters you talk of: otherwise, I do not believe, that, in so small and paultry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns and wield scepters. You know little of the world, replied *Don Quixote*, if you are ignorant of the accidents, which usually happen in knight-errantry. The querist's comrades were

were tired with the dialogue between him and *Don Quixote*, and so they knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the inn-keeper awakened, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn; and the host got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four strangers horses came to smell at *Roxinante*, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring; but, being, in short, of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again that came so kindly to caress him: and scarce had he stirred a step, when *Don Quixote's* feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body: yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice: for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite: like those, who are tortured by the strappado, who, being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of encreasing their own pain, by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope, that, if they stretch never so little further, they shall reach the ground.

C H A P. XVII.

A continuation of the unheard-of adventures of the inn-

IN short, *Don Quixote* roared out so terribly, that the host in a fright opened the inn-door hastily, to see who it was that made those outeries; nor were the strangers less surprized. *Maritornes*, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without any body seeing her, untied the halter, which held up *Don Quixote*: who straight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers; who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He, without answering a word,

a word, slipped the rope from off his wrist, and, raising himself up on his feet, mounted *Rocinante*, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying : Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess *Micomicona* gives me leave, I say, he lies, and I challenge him to single combat. The new-comers were amazed at *Don Quixote's* words ; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder, by telling them who *Don Quixote* was ; and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself. They then enquired of the host, whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing the same cloaths that *Donna Clara's* lover had on. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them espying the coach the judge came in, said : Without doubt he must be here ; for this is the coach it is said he follows ; let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to look for him ; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard. It shall be so done, answered one of them ; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds : all which the inn-keeper saw, and could not judge certainly why they made this search, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him. By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise *Don Quixote* had made, had raised the whole house, especially *Donna Clara* and *Dorothea*, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and desprite ; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage.

engage in any new enterprize, till he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to set about a new adventure, till he had reinstated *Micomicona* in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, till he saw what would be the issue of the enquiry and search those travellers were making, one of whom found the youth, he was in quest of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said; Upon my word, Signor *Don Louis*, the dress you are in is very becoming such a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up. The youth rubbed his drowzy eyes, and, looking wistfully at him who held him, presently knew him to be one of his father's servants: which so surprized him, that he knew not how, or could not speak a word for a good while; and the servant went on, saying: There is no more to be done, Signor *Don Louis*, but for you to have patience, and return home, unless you have a mind my master your father should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence. Why, how did my father know, said *Don Louis*, that I was come this road, and in this dress? a student, answered the servant, to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and so he dispatched four of his servants in quest of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good dispatch we have made, and that we shall return with you so soon, and restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly. That will be as I shall please, or as heaven shall ordain, answered *Don Louis*. What should you please, or heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home, quoth the servant; for there is no possibility of avoiding it.

The

The muleteer, who lay with *Don Louis*, hearing this contest between them, got up, and went to acquaint *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed: he related to them, how the man had styled the young lad *Don*, and repeated the discourse which passed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's house, and how the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him: and so they went towards the place where he was talking and contending with his servant. Now *Dorothea* came out of her chamber, and behind her *Donna Clara* in great disorder: and *Dorothea* calling *Cardenio* aside, related to him, in few words, the history of the musician and *Donna Clara*; and he, on his part, told her what had passed in relation to the servants coming in search after him; and he did not speak so low, but *Donna Clara* overheard him; at which she was in such an agony, that, had not *Dorothea* caught hold of her, she had sunk down to the ground. *Cardenio* desired *Dorothea* to go back with *Donna Clara* to their chamber, while he would endeavour to set matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in quest of *Don Louis*, were in the inn, and had surrounded him; pressing him to return immediately to comfort his poor father, without delaying a moment. He answered, that he could in no wise do so, till he had accomplished a business, wherein his life, his honour, and his soul were concerned. The servants urged him, saying they would by no means go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or no. That you shall not do, replied *Don Louis*, except you kill me; and which ever way you carry me, it shall be without life. Most of the people that were in the inn were got together to hear the contention, particularly *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando* and his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and *Don Quixote*, who now thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the

the castle-guard. *Cardenio*, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth against his will? Because, replied one of the four, we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this gentleman's absence. Then *Don Louis* said: There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me. But reason will force you, answered the servant; and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to. Hold, said the judge, let us know what this business is to the bottom. The man, who knew him, as being his master's near neighbour, answered: Pray, my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an indecent garb, as your honour may see. Then the judge observed him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, said: What childish frolic is this, *Sig. nor Don Louis*? or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress, so little becoming your quality? The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking *Don Louis* by the hand, he went aside with him, and asked him why he came in that manner?

While the judge was asking this and some other questions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about knowing what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them, as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists; which they did so roundly, that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing no body so disengaged, and so proper to succour him as

Don

Don Quixote, the daughter said to him ; Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour god has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy. To whom *Don Quixote* answered, very leisurely, and with much slegm : Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, till I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for : but what I can do for your service, is what I will now tell you : run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess *Micomicona* to relieve him in his distress ; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it. As I am a sinner, quoth *Maritornes*, who was then by, before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world. Permit me, madam, to obtain the licence I speak of, answered *Don Quixote* : for if so be I have it, no matter though he be in the other world ; for from thence would I fetch him back in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me ; or at least I will take such ample revenge of those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied. And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before *Dorothea*, beseeching her in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously ; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host : but when he came, he stopped short, and stood irresolute, though *Maritornes* and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. I delay, quoth *Don Quixote*, because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks ; but call hither my squire *Sancho* ; for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong. This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about.

about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost, and the rage of *Maritornes*, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of *Don Quixote*, and the injury then doing to their master, husband, and father.

But let us leave him there a while ; for he will not want some body or other to relieve him ; or, if not, let him suffer and be silent, who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength ; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what *Don Louis* replied to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, squeezing him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, said : All I can say, dear sir, is, that, from the moment heaven was pleased, by means of our neighbourhood, to give me a sight of *Donna Clara*, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections ; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealthiness and nobility of my family, and that I am sole heir : if you think these are motives sufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son ; for though my father, biassed by other views of his own, should not approve of this happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change, and alter his mind. Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprized at the manner and ingenuity of *Don Louis* in discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair : and therefore he returned no other answer, but only bid him be easy for the present, and not let his servants go back that day, that

that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. *Don Louis* kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though, if possible, he would have effected it with the consent of *Don Louis's* father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the inn-keeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of *Don Quixote* than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded; and the servants of *Don Louis* were waiting 'till the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do; when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it, that, at that very instant, came into the inn the barber, from whom *Don Quixote* had taken *Mambrino's* helmet, and *Sancho Pança* the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied *Sancho Pança*, who was mending something about the pannel; and as soon as he saw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying; Ah! mister thief, have I got you! give me my basen and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of. *Sancho* finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a dowse, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle; and he cried out; Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods. You lye, answered *Sancho*, I am no high way-robber: my master *Don Quixote* won these spoils in fair war. *Don Quixote* was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and
 resolved

resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him. Now, among other things, which the barber said during the skirmish, Gentlemen, quoth he, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to god, and I know it as well as if it were the child of my own body, and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lye: pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous, and moreover by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass bason, never hanfelled, that would have fetched above a crown*. Here *Don Quixote* could not forbear answering; and thrusting himself between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in publick view, 'till the truth should be decided, he said: Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a bason, which was, is, and ever shall be, *Mambrino's* helmet: I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire *Sancho* asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horse-trappings, they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it, but that common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son *Sancho*, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a bason. In faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if we have no other proof of our cause, but what your worship mentions, *Mambrino's* helmet will prove as arrant a bason, as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle. Do what I bid you, replied *Don Quixote*; for sure all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment. *Sancho* went for the bason and brought it; and as soon as *Don*

* *Senora de un escudo.* Literally, *Mistress of a crown-piece.*

Quixote

Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said : Behold, Gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned ? I swear by the order of knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution. There is no doubt of that, quoth *Sancho* ; for, from the time my master won it 'till now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was, when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for this bason-helmet, he had not then got off over-well ; for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish.

C H A P. XVIII.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet, and the pannel, is decided, with other adventures that really and truly happened.

PRAY, gentlemen, quoth the barber, what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm ; for they persist in it, that this is no bason, but a helmet ? And whoever shall affirm the contrary, said *Don Quixote*, I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lyes, and, if a squire, that he lyes and lyes again a thousand times. Our barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, to make the company laugh ; and so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said : Signor barber, or whoever you are, know, that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above those twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without missing one. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what amorion or steel-cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say (with submission always to better judgments) that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only

only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so, as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a compleat one. No certainly, said *Don Quixote*; for the bever that should make half of it is wanting. It is so, quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's design; and *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando*, and his companions, confirmed the same: and even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of *Don Louis*, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to these pleasantries. Lord have mercy upon me! quoth the bantered barber, how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain, that this is not a basin, but an helmet! a thing enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise: well, if this basin be an helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said. To me it seems indeed to be a pannel, quoth *Don Quixote*; but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass's pannel, or a horse's furniture. All that remains, said the priest, is, that Signor *Don Quixote* declare his opinion; for in matters of chivalry all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him absolutely the preference. By the living god, gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, so many, and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it: for I am of opinion, that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time I was very much harrassed by an enchanted *Moor* that was in it, and *Sancho* fared little better among some of his followers; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin, or an helmet, I have already answered: but as to declaring, whether this be a pannel or a comparison,

parifon, I dare not pronounce a definitive fentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your difcretion : perhaps, not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your underftandings free, and fo may judge of the things of this caſtle, as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me. There is no doubt, answered *Don Fernando*, but that Signor *Don Quixote* has faid very right, that the decifion of this caſe belongs to us : and that we may proceed in it upon better and more ſolid grounds, I will take the votes of theſe gentlemen in ſecret, and then give you a clear and full account of the reſult.

To thoſe acquainted with *Don Quixote*, all this was matter of moſt excellent ſport ; but to thoſe, who knew not his humour, it ſeemed to be the greateſt abſurdity in the world, eſpecially to *Don Louis's* four ſervants, and to *Don Louis* himſelf as much as the reſt, beſides three other paſſengers, who were by chance juſt then arrived at the inn, and ſeemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to ſee his baſon converted into *Mambrino's* helmet before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich capariſon for a horſe. Every body laughed to ſee *Don Fernando* walking the round, and taking the opinion of each perſon at his ear, that he might ſecretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been ſuch a buſſle, was a pannel, or a capariſon : and, after he had taken the votes of thoſe who knew *Don Quixote*, he ſaid aloud : The truth is, honeſt friend, I am quite weary of collecting ſo many votes ; for I aſk no body that does not tell me, it is ridiculous to ſay, this is an aſs's pannel, and not a horſe's capariſon, and even that of a well-bred horſe : ſo that you muſt have patience ; for, in ſpite of you and your aſs too, this is a capariſon, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alledged on your part are very trivial and invalid. Let me never enjoy a place in heaven, quoth the bantered barber, if your worſhips are not all miſtaken ; and ſo may my ſoul appear be-

fore god, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but, so go the laws † — I say no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin.

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the whimsies of *Don Quixote*, who, at this juncture, said: there is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom god has given it, may *St. Peter* give his blessing*. One of *Don Louis's* four servants said: If this be not a pre-meditated joke, I cannot persuade myself, that men of so good understanding, as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say, and affirm, that this is not a bason, nor that a pannel: but seeing they do actually say, and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by — (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me, that this is not a barber's bason, and that a jack-ass's pannel. May it not be a she-ass's? quoth the priest. That is all one, said the servant; for the question is only whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your worships say. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who came in and had over-heard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: it is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk. You lye like a pitiful scoundrel, answered *Don Quixote*; and lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out, Help, help the holy brotherhood. The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. *Don*

† He stops in the middle of the proverb, *Alla van leyes donde quieran reys*, meaning that the powerful carry what they please; or, as we say, *might overcomes right*.

* The form of benediction at a wedding.

Louis's servants got about him, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvey, laid hold again of his pannel, and *Sancho* did the same. *Don Quixote* drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. *Don Louis* called out to his servants, to leave him, and assist *Don Quixote*, *Cardenio*, and *Don Fernando*, who all took part with *Don Quixote*. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, *Maritornes* wept, *Dorothea* was confounded, *Lucinda* stood amazed, and *Donna Clara* fainted away. The barber cuffed *Sancho*, and *Sancho* pummeled the barber. *Don Louis* gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The judge interposed in his defence. *Don Fernando* got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weepings, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgelings, kicks, and effusion of blood. And, in the midst of this chaos, this mass, and labyrinth of things, it came into *Don Quixote's* fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king *Agramante's* camp * ; and therefore said, with a voice which made the inn shake: Hold all of you ; all put up your swords ; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive. At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying : Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it ? in confirmation whereof I would have you see with your own eyes, how the discord of *Agramante's* camp is passed over and transferred hither among us : behold how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet ; and we all fight, and no one understands ano-

* *Agramante*, in *Ariosto*, is king of the infidels at the siege of *Paris*. This is a burlesque upon that passage, where discord is sent by an angel into the pagan camp in favour of the christians.

ther. Come therefore, my lord judge, and you mister priest, and let one of you stand for king *Agramante*, the other for king *Sobrino* †, and make peace among us; for, by the eternal god, it is a thousand pities, so many gentlemen of quality, as are here of us, should kill one another for such trivial matters. The troopers, who did not understand *Don Quixote's* language, and found themselves roughly handled by *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and their companions, would not be pacified: but the barber submitted; for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. *Sancho*, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. *Don Louis's* four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The inn-keeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolencies of that madman ought to be chastized, who at every foot turned the house upside down. At last the bustle ceased for that time: the pannel was to remain a caparison, the bason a helmet, and the inn a castle, in *Don Quixote's* imagination, 'till the day of judgment.

Now all being quieted, and all made friends by the persuasion of the judge and the priest, *Don Louis's* servants began again to press him to go with them that moment; and while they were debating, and settling the point, the judge consulted *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that *Don Louis* had said. At last it was agreed, that *Don Fernando* should tell *Don Louis's* servants who he was, and that it was his desire *Don Louis* should go along with him to *Andalusia*, where he should be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth; for he well knew his intention and resolution not to return just at that time into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. Now *Don Fernando's* quality, and *Don Louis's* resolution, being known to the four servants, they determined among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and the other should stay to wait upon *Don Louis*,

† An auxiliary king of the *Moors* at the above-mentioned siege.
and

and not leave him 'till the rest should come back for him, or 'till they knew what his father would order. Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of *Agramante*, and the prudence of king *Sobriño*. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself illuded and disappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances.

Now the case was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and mauled by *Don Fernando*, bethought himself, that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against *Don Quixote*, whom the holy brotherhood had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as *Sancho* had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied whether the person of *Don Quixote* answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment out of his bosom, he presently found what he looked for; and setting himself to read it leisurely (for he was no great clerk) at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on *Don Quixote*, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of *Don Quixote's* physiognomy, and found that without all doubt he must be the person therein described: then, as soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold on *Don Quixote* by the collar, that he did not suffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: Help the holy brotherhood! and, that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber. The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the trooper had said, the marks agreeing exactly with *Don Quixote*; who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted

to

to the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and had not the fellow been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life sooner than *Don Quixote* had loosed his hold. The inn-keeper, who was indispensably bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and *Maritornes* joined in the same tune, praying aid from heaven, and from the standers-by. *Sancho*, seeing what passed, said, as god shall save me, my master says true, concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it. At length *Don Fernando* parted the officer and *Don Quixote*, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them; for so the king's service, and that of the holy brotherhood, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. *Don Quixote* smiled to hear these expressions, and with great calmness said: Come hither, base and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast down, and to relieve the needy and distressed? Ah scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy brotherhood, tell me, who was the block-head that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who is he that can be ignorant that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privi-

privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant, that no preamble to a nobleman's patent contains so many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the knight-errant, the day he is dubbed, and set apart for the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porteridge, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? and lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or shall be in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinados on four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him?

End of VOLUME SECOND.

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